

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



ALUMNI ASSOCIATION  
PROPERTY  
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM

DRAMATIC  
NUMBER

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No other Fountain Pen, at ANY price, has ALL these 12 features:—

1. Fills and cleans itself in 5 seconds.
2. Cannot leak even when carried point downward.
3. Self-regulating ink flow. Writes just as fast or slow as you wish.
4. Instantaneous ink flow. Writes at the FIRST stroke.
5. Continuous ink flow. Never MISSES a stroke.
6. Exactly-even ink flow. Never blots, splatters nor floods.
7. 14-K Gold Iridium-tipped points. Never catch or scratch and last for years.
8. Double ink feed—above as well as below the nib. (The secret of Features 3, 4 and 5.)
9. Barrel and cap made of finest quality polished black Vulcanite.
10. No dropper, clip or special ink necessary.
11. A point, a size and a price for every Hand, every Purpose and every Pocketbook.
12. Sold on an UNCONDITIONAL Guarantee of Satisfaction, New Pen OR MONEY BACK.

Yet the Onoto COSTS YOU NO MORE than the old-fashioned finger-besmeared leaky Dropper-Fillers or the new-fangled impractical Rubber-Sack and Pump-filling kinds!



WHY is it that so few *women* own and use Fountain Pens? Stop and think! Doesn't it mean just as much to *you* as to the Men Folk to have *your* pen and ink always handy—always ready to use—and so exactly suited to your individual hand that you *must* always write well—a pen that makes writing real Fun, not a disagreeable Duty?

Think of the convenience this means!

Think of the time you save!

Think of the mental and physical strain you save!

Think of how much better you can express yourself, and how much better your handwriting *looks*!

And think of the *money* you save in the course of a year, by eliminating the continual expense for new pen-holders—new points—for dried-up ink you never use—and, perhaps, for the table covers, dresses and carpets you spoil when the baby, or you yourself, knock the bottle over! This last saving *alone* may be enough to buy ONOTO Pens for the whole family several times over.

**FREE—Onoto Score Pads for "Bridge" or "Five Hundred"**

We have prepared an especially practical score pad for "Bridge" or "Five Hundred." If you will send us the name and address of your favorite Stationery Dealer, (state whether Stationery, Drug or Dept. store) we will send you one of these Score Pads postpaid.



Read this Letter—  
a Typical Onoto Testimonial

"Your ONOTO Pen has proven entirely satisfactory. It has proved all you claim for it. The nib suits me to a dot. It has never leaked, no matter in what position it was left or carried. It is really a non-leakable pen. My fingers are no longer ink-smeared where the pen crosses them, as they used to be with other makes of pens. My ONOTO writes evenly until the last drop of ink is out and does not "slobber" when nearly empty as most other pens do. The flow of ink from the pen, freely or scantily, is entirely under my control. The self-filling device works nicely. The filling of the pen is a matter of seconds, and as there is no rubber bag to get out of order, the self-filling device is as lasting and permanent as it can be made.

Lastly, both the pen and reservoir can be cleaned in a few moments by using the self-filling device as a pump or syringe in a little clean water."

(Signed) J. B. KNOEPFLER.

Iowa State Teachers' College,  
Cedar Falls, Iowa,  
July 24th, 1909.

All we ask is that you see and try an ONOTO.

And this is all we *need* to ask.

Because Seeing means Trying, Trying means Buying, and Buying means Guaranteed Satisfaction.

Sold everywhere by leading Stationery, Department and Drug Stores. Four Sizes — \$2.50, \$3, \$4 and \$5. 15 different style points in each size. If no nearby local dealer is willing to supply *you*, write for Catalog B, a free ONOTO Score Book and the name of the *nearest* ONOTO dealer—or order direct.

ONOTO PEN COMPANY  
261 Broadway New York







Copyright 1909 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

**C**RITICAL dressers will find nothing to criticise in the evening and dinner clothes we make; in richness of fabrics; silk linings; perfection of style and finish; fit; they are right.

When you buy dress clothes look for our mark; it's a big thing to find. Send six cents for the Style Book.

**H a r t S c h a f f n e r & M a r x**

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

Boston

New York

## No Matter Where You Live or What you Do The I.C.S. Can Raise Your Salary

Whether you live in the country or city—whether you work on the farm, at the bench, forge, machine, counter or desk—whether you work eight, twelve or eighteen hours a day—the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton can raise your salary—can better your position—CAN MAKE YOU SUCCESSFUL.

The salary-raising power of the I. C. S. is exerting a tremendous influence in the lives of poorly paid but ambitious men. In every part of the civilized world you will find men who have risen through I. C. S. help—young men and old men; college men and men who had received but little schooling when they enrolled; long hour men and short hour men; men with but the one purpose—to succeed in life.

On an average, 300 students every month voluntarily report salaries raised and advancement won wholly through I. C. S. training. During July the number was 252.

Doesn't all this prove that the I. C. S. can help you? Mark the attached coupon and learn of the I. C. S. way that exactly fits your particular case. It costs nothing to find out. Marking the coupon places you under no obligation. There are no books to buy.

The business of this place is to Raise Salaries.

For a raise in your salary—mark the coupon NOW.

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked "X."

Bookkeeper	Mechan'g Draftsman
Stenographer	Telephone Eng'ner
Advertisement Writer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Shoe Last Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Window Trimmer	Plumber & Steam Fitter
Commercial Law	Stationary Engineer
Illustrator	Civil Engineer
Designer & Craftsman	Build'g Contractor
Civil Service	Architect's Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Banking
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## DRAWING AS Taught By The ACME WAY

You can learn at home in spare time to be a commercial artist or draftsman. We quickly fit you for practical work. Our students earn money and hold positions while studying. Personal criticisms by instructors trained in this country and Europe; and special instruction to develop your individual talent. You submit work as it is done. You pay as you go; no large advance payment required. We guarantee proficiency or return tuition. Write for illustrated catalogs and say which you wish to learn; Illustrating, Cartooning, Commercial Designing, Mechanical Drawing, Architectural Drawing, or Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting. If you can attend our Resident School, say so. Estab. 1898.

The Acme School of Drawing, 4616 S St., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

## Copy This Sketch

You can make big money as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Copy this sketch of President Taft. Send it to me with 5c in stamps and I will send you a test plate, also collection of drawings showing possible lines for YOU.

## THE Landon School of Illustrating and Cartooning

1435 Schofield Bldg., CLEVELAND, O.

## HOME STUDY UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO OFFERS

350 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor's degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Editors, Accountants, Business Men, Ministers, Parents, and many in other vocations. The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.

## LEARN EXPERT SHORTHAND

from court reporters. Individual instruction by mail. For beginners and stenographers. Easy to learn, write and read. Write for free catalogue.

SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL  
Suite 710, 79 Clark St. Suite 107, Lenox Ave., & 125th St.  
Chicago, Ill. New York City, N. Y.  
We have two schools. Address the one nearer you.

LOOKING FOR A SCHOOL OR CAMP? YOU CAN FIND the SCHOOL WANTED by writing School Agency, 527-41 Park Row, N. Y.

## ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 26

### I WANT YOUR OPINION

ONE of the best-known advertising men in the profession has told me many times that he believes it pays to advertise even men's furnishings to women; that all women read advertisements, and that their influence on the family pocket-book is so powerful that it affects in some degree even the buying of the men's clothing.

Up to this point I agree. But this man goes farther. He says that for each man who reads an advertisement, there are five women who do so. Here I disagree. I believe the proportion is much more nearly equal.

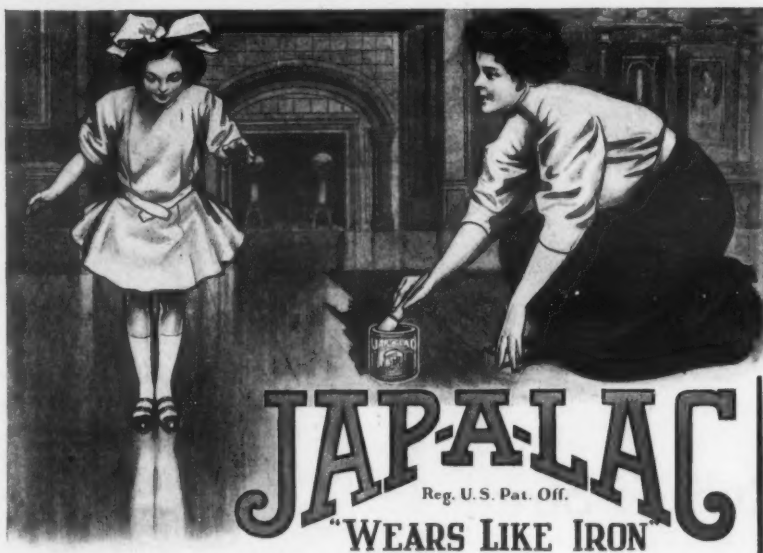
Take Collier's as an example: It is my belief that the advertising pages of Collier's are so interesting, so virile, and so full of variety, that each member of the family who reads gets something out of them, and this is the aim of every one of the higher-grade publications.

I don't mean to say that each one goes through the publication and reads every advertisement, nor anything like it. I do mean, though, that the eye of practically every reader is arrested by two, three, or half a dozen advertisements that directly interest him or her.

This is my conviction and it is founded on observation. I should like very much to have your opinion on this subject. You know to what degree advertisements appeal to you. You can easily observe others, and question them about it. Nearly everyone writes for a catalogue or booklet occasionally. How many have you and the members of your household written for recently? Whom do you think are greater readers of magazine advertisements—men or women? Why do you think as you do? I shall be much interested in receiving letters from you about it.

F. L. Patterson.  
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Correspondence With a Point"



## "Isn't Everything Pretty Now?"

but recently were considered luxuries which only the well-to-do could afford. In the light of the growing knowledge of what sanitation prevents, they have become a necessary safeguard and by virtue of JAP-A-LAC, possible in every home.

A floor covered with JAP-A-LAC sets hard as adamant over night. No need to make special preparations. Apply tonight and tomorrow have a floor with a beautiful glossy surface, in any shade or color you can think of, that has all the virtues of parquet work—Dustless—No Cracks—Easy to Keep Clean. JAP-A-LAC renews everything from cellar to garret, and "Wears Like Iron."

JAP-A-LAC is made in sixteen beautiful colors for refinishing every kind of Woodwork, Bric-a-brac, Chandeliers, Radiators, Furniture and every painted or varnished surface throughout the entire house.

### JAP-A-LAC HAS NO SUBSTITUTE For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers

If your dealer does not keep JAP-A-LAC, send us his name, with 10c to cover cost of mailing and we will send a free sample, quarter pint can of any color (except gold which is 25c) to any point in the United States. Write for illustrated booklet containing interesting information and beautiful color card. Free on request.

JAP-A-LAC Model Floor Graining Process solves the problem of "What shall I do with my old carpeted floor to make it sanitary and refined?" Your Painter can do it at a little expense or you can do it yourself. Insist on JAP-A-LAC.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY, 3007 Glidden Bldg., Cleveland, O., U. S. A. Our Green Label Line of clear varnishes is the highest quality manufactured. Its use insures perfect results. Ask your paint dealer.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

## At the Mercy of your Bookkeeper?

YOU are—if you do not understand your books. Most business men are. Managers, Secretaries, Superintendents, Cashiers, Auditors—you cannot thoroughly guard your trusts unless you know the books from A to Z.

### Learn Higher Accounting

No one can fool you then. You will be worth twice what you are getting now.

#### Are you a Bookkeeper?

Become a public Accountant. With your present knowledge you can easily make yourself an expert. Expert accountants are important men; they have big jobs, they earn big pay. The demand for their services grows greater every day.

With our diploma, and the title "Incorporated Accountant," you will have no difficulty in finding congenial, paying work.

Send now for full explanation of our system—free on request.

International Accountants' Society  
103 West Fort St. Dept. C, Detroit, Mich.

## A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

## SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated) by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Have.  
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.  
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.  
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.  
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.  
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in One Volume. Illustrated, \$2, Postpaid  
Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.  
PURITAN PUB. CO., 707 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

## CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

### It's the Oxygen

in Calox that renders it so efficient as a cleanser of the mouth and teeth. Just try it.

Of All Druggists, 25 cents.

Sample and Booklet free on request.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK

## AUTOMOBILE JACKETS

BLIZZARD PROOF  
Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

## PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

Registered in U. S. Patent Office  
Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of \$2.35.  
JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept. 73  
25 James St., Malden, Mass.

## Are You Looking for a Chance to Go Into Business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet.

EDWARD B. MOON, 1 West Water Street, Chicago

## PATENTS

NEW BOOK FREE This New Book on PATENTS tells you how to obtain a Patent, explains the cost of a patent and gives full particulars of our Special Advantageous Methods of Business.

O'BRIEN & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

## LEARN PLUMBING

A trade that will make you independent. Hours Shorter—Pay Bigger—Demand Greater than any other trade. Catalog free. Write for it today.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL, 4445 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

## DO YOU STAMMER

Try lesson explaining methods for home instruction—FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis, GEO. A. LEWIS, 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.



# COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILL.

**Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

**Broadway Central Hotel** Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

**Latham** 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel. Very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey, Manager.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (\*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (\*\*\*) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

## TOURS AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, ORIENTAL

Information regarding tours to any part of the world will be furnished free upon request by letter to COLLEGE TRAVEL DEPARTMENT 420 W. 13th Street, New York

## Cruises de Luxe to the WEST INDIES

By New "AVON" 11,500 Tons

**TWO CRUISES** (31 days each) **EASTER CRUISE** (18 days)

**\$150 up** **\$85 up**  
FROM NEW YORK FROM NEW YORK  
JAN. 15 and FEB. 19 MARCH 25

Also Yachting Tours by New Twin-Screw "BERBICE" through the West Indies  
Complete Illustrated Booklets on Request

The ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.  
SANDERSON & SON, General Agents  
22 State Street, New York

# Collier's

Saturday, October 23, 1909



Cover Design . . . . .	Drawn by Orville Houghton Peets	
Opening of the Centennial Celebration at St. Louis. Photograph		8
Editorials . . . . .		9
What the World Is Doing . . . . .	Illustrated with Photographs	11
Ancient History and Modern Balloons at St. Louis. Photographs		13
The Season Opens . . . . .	Arthur Ruhl	14
Going to the Play in London . . . . .	Richard Harding Davis	15
The Last Stand of the Marionette . . . . .	Arthur H. Gleason	16
The New Theatre . . . . .	Winthrop Ames	17
The New Theatre . . . . .	Paintings by Jules Guérin	18-19
The Vaudevillians . . . . .	Helen Green	20
The Girl and the Stage . . . . .	Charles Belmont Davis	21
Photographs . . . . .	Illustrated in color by Louis Fancher	23

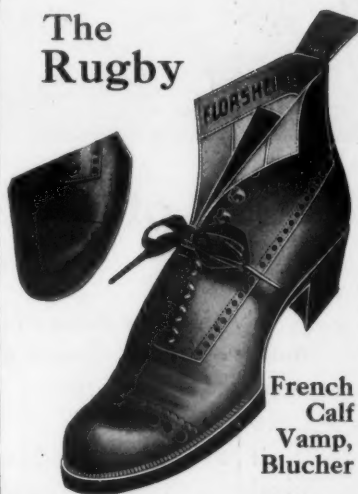
Volume XLIV . . . . . Number 5

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

## The Florsheim SHOE

The Rugby



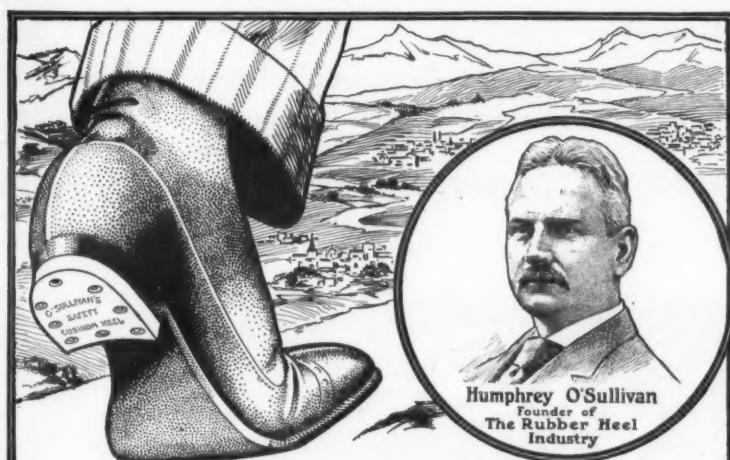
French Calf Vamp, Blucher

Never mind if you get THIS shoe wet. It won't curl up, shrink or distort your feet. Good leather and "Natural Shape" lasts make and keep the FLORSHEIM SHOE comfortable, and serviceable.

Most Styles \$5 and \$6  
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

**PRINT Your Own** Cards, circulars, book, newspaper, Press \$5. Larger \$15. Rotary \$40. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYP, paper, etc. THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.



## Get the Live Rubber Stride

There is no substance as well adapted as Live Rubber for your foot heels. It has the necessary resiliency and durability to supply Nature's wants, and the public demand—inexpensively.

When you stop to consider the advantage of heels of Live Rubber to people who hustle for a living, it is difficult to imagine how any one who can spare the price will go without them. And even at that

they are cheaper than leather heels and iron nails.

For people who do things, who stand, or walk to their work, for the men and women who keep the wheels of the nation moving, they are the simple little helper that smoothes your path through life.

For a nervous, active people it is good medical opinion that they conserve the energy and lessen the daily grind.

## O'Sullivan's Heels Of New Live Rubber

Dan O'Leary, the veteran pedestrian, says, "You can walk brisker and farther with the same effort on O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber."

Get a pair of thick-soled lace shoes that fit snugly at the instep and heel, loose across the toes, and heels one inch high—including the half-inch of Live Rubber. That's how walking shoes ought to be built.

In correct walking the feet should be carried parallel to one another, so that a line from the centre of the knee would pass through the second toe.

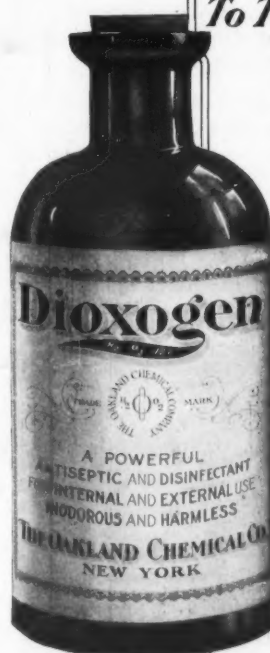
In the proper walk you strike the heel first, bear your weight on the outer edge

of the foot, using the ball of the foot as a fulcrum by the aid of the foot muscles to lift the body.

Normal walking fills the lungs with fresh air, sets the blood tingling and drives away pessimism and the blues.

When Heels of Live Rubber are such a benefit to humanity it seems almost criminal that for a few cents more profit unscrupulous dealers will hand confiding customers heels made of junk rubber, unless the customer specifies O'Sullivan's. After this explanation it is your own fault if you do not get O'Sullivan's Heels of Live Rubber.

O'Sullivan Rubber Company, Lowell, Mass.



To Those Who Value Good Health

## Dioxogen

THE PURE PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN

is a household necessity. A bottle of DIOXOGEN is worth more in the daily home life than a whole cabinet full of preparations intended to cure after some serious disease has made its attack. DIOXOGEN prevents disease; prevents simple injuries from becoming serious; it will keep you well.

DIOXOGEN is nature's cleanser and purifier. It is as harmless as the air from which it gets the oxygen that constitutes its active agent. It is as effective a destroyer of disease-producing causes as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, and similar dangerous poisons, yet Dioxogen is absolutely safe for use in the home.

Our new booklet "The Best Kind of Health Insurance" describes more than twenty everyday and emergency uses of DIOXOGEN. When used as a Mouth Wash, as a Gargle, for Wounds and Cuts, for Burns and Scalds, for Boils and Abscesses, for Eczema and Skin Affections, after Shaving, for the Complexion, for Chapped Hands, for Body Odors, and the many other purposes mentioned in this booklet. DIOXOGEN attacks the causes of disease, infection, and unhealthy conditions, neutralizing and removing poisonous accumulations and leaving the tissues in normal healthy condition.

DIOXOGEN foams and bubbles whenever brought in contact with disease germs and the harmful products of germ action. You can see and feel DIOXOGEN work.

SEND 10c FOR 2-OZ. SAMPLE EXACTLY THIS SIZE

Worthy druggists everywhere sell DIOXOGEN, but be sure and ask for it by name. Do not merely ask for "peroxide of hydrogen,"—this is a general term, it covers all qualities and kinds. There are many cheap and inferior grades of peroxide on the market, many of them inefficient because too weak, many inefficient because "impure," many of doubtful character because they contain acetanilid as a preservative, many of them made for bleaching and other commercial purposes and containing decidedly objectionable ingredients, and most of them totally unsuitable for personal use. Insist upon getting real DIOXOGEN in original packages. It is the Best Kind of Health Insurance—the kind that pays by giving the possessor a sure and reliable protection against the everyday menaces to health.

If you have never used DIOXOGEN, or if you are using ordinary peroxide and would like to prove for yourself the advantages of DIOXOGEN, send 10 cents in silver or stamps to cover postage (8c) and mailing case (2c) and we will send a 2-oz. trial bottle without further charge. We will also send the booklet, "The Best Kind of Health Insurance." It should be in every household. Mention your druggist's name when writing. For convenience use the coupon.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.  
NEW YORK

C. W. Oct. 23

The OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO.  
98 Front St., New York

Check one of the following:

☐ I have never used Dioxogen or any Peroxide of Hydrogen. I would like to try Dioxogen and enclose 10c for 2-oz. trial bottle.

☐ I am using a Peroxide, but not Dioxogen, for personal use. I would like to compare Dioxogen with the kind I am now using and enclose 10c for 2-oz. trial bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

Druggist's Name.....



## All of the Sea Flavor Saved

By the time most oysters get inland, they taste more of the railroad than of the sea. Their natural delicate flavor is washed away by frequent re-icing.

They are soggy instead of firm; watery instead of meaty; insipid instead of tempting.

Except Sealshipt Oysters, which taste the same and are the same—*everywhere and always*—as the day they were dredged from the deep.

# Sealshipt Oysters

## The Full Flavor of the Oyster and Nothing Else

The only known way of shipping oysters, beside the Sealshipt way, is to ship them in open tubs.

The ice is in the tub with the oysters. When it melts the expressman, with his naked hands, puts in more—railroad ice.

### What the "Liquor" Is

The "liquor" which you buy with oysters is merely this melted ice. It sloshes around and washes the goodness out of the oyster.

No wonder perfectly good Blue Points become Railroad Oysters before you get them.

No wonder they are soggy and taste of the railroad ice and the tub.

No wonder the fine flavor of the oyster is gone when the oysters get to you.

But Sealshipt Oysters are different. A Sealshipt Oyster in Denver, Colorado, tastes the same as it does when it is hauled out of the sea, because it *is* the same.

### Sealed at the Seaside

Sealshipt Oysters go into air-tight, germ-proof containers and these in turn are packed in ice in our patent Sealshiptors. These containers are sealed *at the seaside*. Your dealer is the first to break that seal.

In transit, the ice goes outside of the container. No water or liquor can get in. No human hand can touch the oyster.

And when your dealer breaks the seal, his responsibility begins—responsibility to us.

He must keep Sealshipt Oysters in our blue and white porcelain Sealshiptcase. He sells Sealshipt Oysters under license—a part of the Sealshipt System.

For both shipper and dealer are under contract. They can handle Sealshipt Oysters only in the Sealshipt way, which prevents any possibility of adulterations.

And the Sealshipt way embraces every move of the oyster from the oyster bed till it is handed you in a Sealshipt pail.



To insure consumers receiving the genuine Sealshipt Oysters we have devised the cleanly white and blue porcelain Sealshiptcase, used by all our licensed agents under contract. For your own protection, look for this and for the white and blue enameled agency sign.

### "Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

If you want to know the flavor of the real sea oyster, write us the name of your oyster dealer. We will send you, free, our book "47 New Seaside Oyster Dishes" which gives many shore recipes, unknown inland. Address, Department 32 A.

## The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.

(Formerly National Oyster Carrier Co.)

Sealshipt Oyster Stations  
at 80 Coast Points

General Office and Factory:  
South Norwalk, Conn.

Sealshipt Groceries and  
Markets Everywhere

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

# In The Public Service



The President of the United States works for 80,000,000 people all the time.

He needs rest and change to keep him fit for his work, and yet he cannot neglect his official duties, he must always be within reach.

When Washington was president he rode his horse as far as Mount Vernon and kept in touch by messenger with the affairs of state. The President to-day has a wider range and can seek the cooling breezes of the New England coast.

The long distance telephone keeps him in constant communication with the capital and the nation.

The railroad will carry him back to Washington in a day, but usually he need not make even this brief journey. The Bell telephone enables him to send his

voice instead, *not only to Washington but to any other point.*

The Bell system performs this service *not only for the President, but for the whole public.*

This system has been built up so gradually and extended so quietly that busy men hardly realize its magnitude or appreciate its full value.

Forty thousand cities, towns and villages are connected by the Bell system, which serves *all the people all the time.*

*The Bell telephone has become the implement of a nation. It increases the sum total of human efficiency, and makes every hour of the day more valuable to busy men and women.*

The highest type of public service can be achieved *only by one policy, one system, universal service.*

## The American Telephone and Telegraph Company And Associated Companies

**Every Bell Telephone is The Center of the System**

# Kenyon

## London "Slip-on" Coats

(Made by) FOR MEN AND WOMEN

are Reigning in London and selling on sight in America, because of their practical value, and because their style is distinctly the mode of the day.

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# Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, October 23, 1909



## November Fiction Number Next Week

¶ The next issue will be the November Fiction Number, and will contain three vivid and interesting stories.

¶ A newspaper reporter like Colburn, with his manner of "cynical ennui," regards the world as the prey of his pencil. His professional contempt for all circumstances, below the level of head-lines, leaves him calloused to personal issues. In "The Reporter," Harvey J. O'Higgins tells the story of a political writer who lived in news and was said to sleep in his hat. Yet when the man with the white eyelashes and a limp offers the journalist money to obtain the answers to four questions of private import, Colburn accepts the price. Equipped with a face "as inexpressive as the back of a playing card," with the "absent-minded indifference" he employed "when his mind was busiest," the reporter confronts Sims—of the sunken physique and the sallow flesh. He follows up the retreat of his victim, who is soon unstrung with his swift and pelting questions. But the situation is unexpectedly taken out of his hands.

¶ Charles G. D. Roberts paints an exceptional animal portrait in "Lone Wolf of Lost Mountain." Lone Wolf belonged to Sillaby and Hopkins's Circus. Though bred to the cage, he never disclosed the amiable mood of a captive beast. He earned his peculiar name for "a reserve that was cold and dangerous." He relented to none but Toomey, the trainer—the deity—of Lone Wolf.

When by accident he finds himself unbarred and free, flying through the fields and woodlands, Mr. Roberts recounts how "the call of the wild" returns to his veins. It carries him on through many adventures, which his regenerated instincts permit him to meet. But he finally hears the call of the tame.

¶ Mr. Ezra Witherspoon, the gruff old banker and leading citizen of the town, always ridiculed physicians—especially his close chum, Dr. Deever. But he undertakes to be sick, for the succor of young Dr. Blakeley. In "Mr. Witherspoon's Heart Trouble," Arthur Stanwood Pier describes the impossible symptoms which attempt to derange his health, and which lead the young doctor's wife to hope that they will result in a "nice long illness." The author tells to what extent he accommodates her, and how Dr. Deever is discomfited by his friend's behavior. These incidents keep the story in motion till Mr. Witherspoon is obliged to uncover his hand.

¶ Next week's Collier's will also contain the second article in Miss Agnes C. Laut's series on "The Fight for Water in the West." As in the first article, published last week, she deals with "The Water-Lord, the Water-Hog, and the War over the Water Hole." The importance of these articles is particularly clear just now, and for the benefit of those who may not have read the first paper, we feel prompted to repeat that water in that territory has an economic concreteness not understood by those who reside where nature is more liberal. "Water in the West is a commodity, which can be taken from the stream in barter like any other commodity." And the redemption of these arid expanses depends upon the ability to purchase it. But a tithe upon productiveness—if usurious—doubles the difficulty.

¶ Arid lands are not districts where it never rains, but where there is no equalization of rainfall. At certain times of the year, in fact, they may even be washed with riotous torrents. But if moisture is absent in "the growing season," then the soil is helpless, unless man's ingenuity comes to the rescue.

¶ The question which the Rocky Mountain basin asks of itself is this: Does it want Government control or private control of the water supply? But private control has come to mean corporate ownership; and in almost every instance those corporations can be traced, by financial clues, to one or two great units of capital in New York. Is there a water trust?

¶ The writer is fair: she gives the standpoint of the man who must irrigate to live, and of the man whose projection of sight ahead of his time enabled him to appreciate the value of water. Such a man, "the hypothetical poor engineer," spent his business activity and his money—with also what he could borrow—in utilizing this knowledge. Is he to go unrewarded?

Oct. 23

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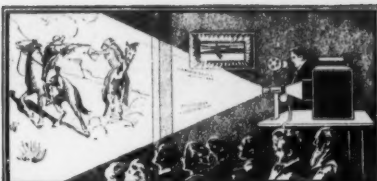
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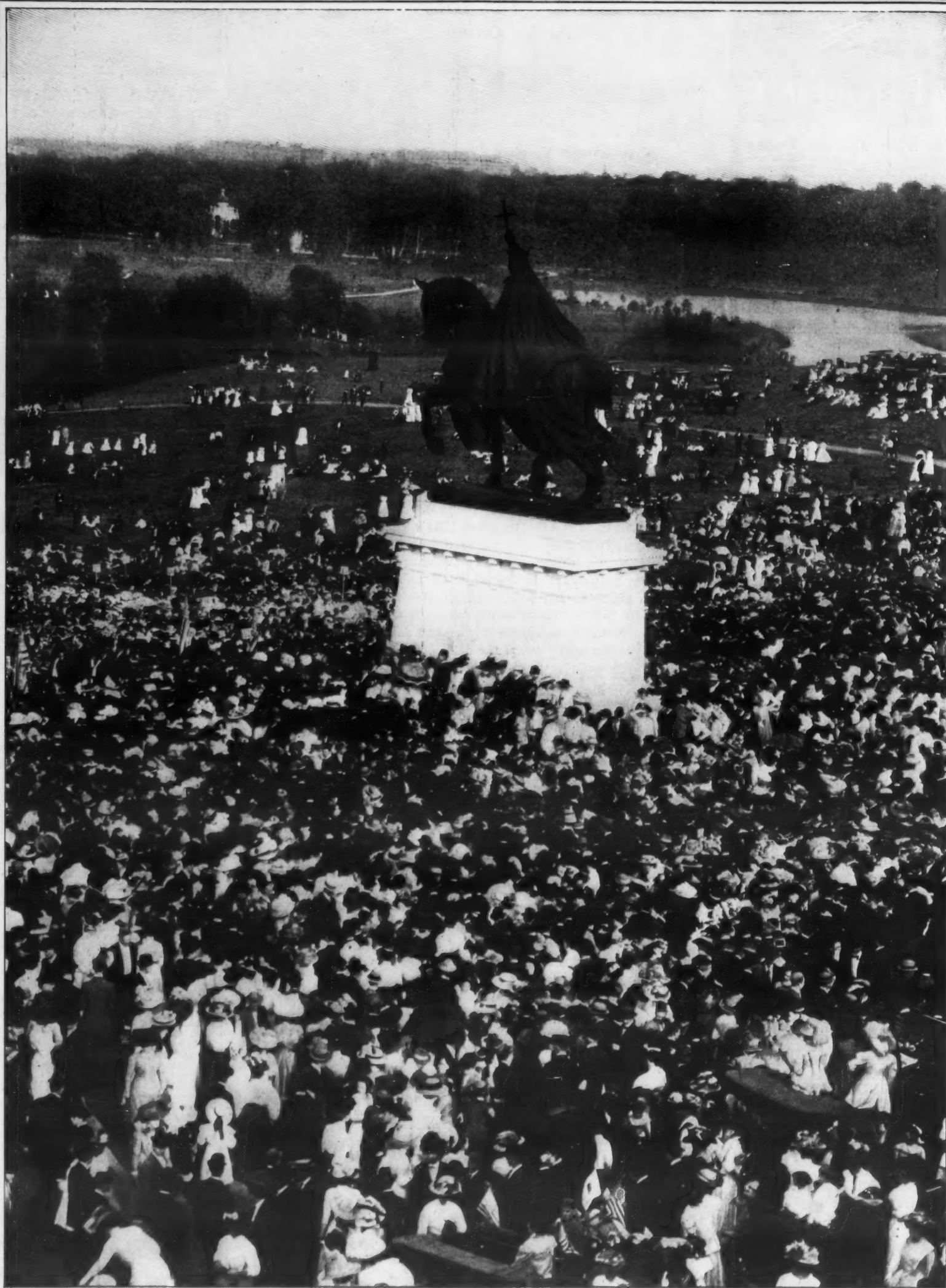
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### The Opening of the Centennial Celebration at St. Louis

One hundred thousand people gathered around the statue of Saint Louis, the patron saint of the city, at Art Hill, Forest Park, on the first day of the festivities, which lasted from October 3 to 9. This was "church day," and a choral program was given in the open air by the pupils of the Catholic schools





# Collier's

## The National Weekly

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NEW YORK

October 23, 1909

### Gibraltar

EVERYBODY KNOWS who BOIES PENROSE is—graduate of Harvard, and representative of Pennsylvania in the Senate of the United States. Speaking on the seventh day of the current month in Textile Hall, in the heart of the mill district of Philadelphia, this great statesman called upon the voters of that town to show that “the Gibraltar of protection remains fast to its moorings.” Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, he said, are “admittedly the chief beneficiaries of the tariff system.” Any wavering on their part “would be an invitation and an encouragement to every *Western agitator*.”

How do the business men of Philadelphia respond to such a call as this? Alas, the story is not pretty. Go back as far as 1895, and you will find some of the most prominent men of the city signing a petition in favor of a man named MILES for sheriff. The cry then also was that the tariff was in danger. What did these gentlemen care for the record of MILES, in comparison with a system which made them rich at the expense of ordinary Smith and Robinson? The record of MILES was so bad that he was ultimately forced to withdraw. In 1905, twenty-one conspicuous business men were the committee to promote the interests of the Republican machine ticket. The proposed gas steal, however, at that time was so outrageous that the people were aroused from their nap, and the machine met one of its rare defeats.

We come to this year, and to the election which Philadelphia is now about to face. This season's call to arms in defense of “Gibraltar” is sounded by thirty-two men of eminence. Careful analysis of the business of these gentlemen shows that eighteen of them are gainers directly from the protective system; others have battleship contracts with the Government; interest in public utility corporations easily explains the subservience of still others to the Republican machine. Take a look, please, at what the business men of Philadelphia, in deference to Senator PENROSE and his bugle calls, are ready to endorse.

The boss of the Philadelphia Republican organization is JAMES P. McNICHOL, contractor, State Senator, former member of Select Council. Judge BETTLER, in a decision of a case against McNICHOL two years ago, declared five of his contracts with the city fraudulent, they being made while McNICHOL was a member of the Select Council. The “Public Ledger” asserts that McNICHOL and his associate boss, EDWIN H. VARE, and firms and concerns in which they were interested, had obtained \$33,000,000 of city contracts within six years.

DAVID H. LANE, chairman of the Republican City Committee, was for some years lobbyist of the Philadelphia Traction Company, and later he was lobbyist for the lease of the City Gas Works, for the United Gas Improvement Company.

CLARENCE WOLF, a member of a well-known banking firm, and a reputable business man, while not a member of the city committee, is one of the dominating clique. Mr. WOLF declared himself publicly the owner of many thousand shares of the stock of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, but served in the board as the elected representative of the people. So much was said about this dual interest that Mr. WOLF resigned as city representative and was promptly elected vice-president of the company.

These four men, together with Senator PENROSE, absolutely dominate the affairs of the city of Philadelphia, the Mayor being a puppet. He recently declared himself a believer in the organization and emphasized the necessity of following its will.

Of the last four Mayors, the first was distinguished by the fact that in his administration the United Gas Improvement Company obtained a thirty-year lease of the Philadelphia Gas Works, which were built and owned by the city itself. The most eminent business men in the city (need we add?) advocated this lease. What did the company pay? Any child can guess the answer: Nothing. Also, a piece of land owned by the city was released by this company and sold to a merchant. It was found that this land was “necessary” to the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company, a few years later, and the generous city, acting under the direction of the bosses, bought back the piece of land from the merchant and presented it as an affectionate gift to the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company.

During the Ashbridge administration a strenuous effort was made by the Organization to lease the City Water Works to the Schuylkill Valley Water Company, but this project was defeated through the declaration of one Councilman, that a \$5,000 bribe had been offered to

him, and the admission by another Councilman that he had received a bribe. A telephone franchise without compensation was granted to a new company, and the notorious “trolley franchise grab” took place. It was ASHBRIDGE who threw an offer of \$2,500,000 cash for one of the franchises, unopened, on the floor. All street railways of Philadelphia at that time were under the management of the Union Traction Company. It was necessary to introduce special legislation to authorize the building of subway and elevated railroads. This was rushed through at unheard-of speed and immediately signed by the Governor. Franchises were at once introduced in Philadelphia and rushed through before the people really knew what was taking place. They granted rights to build thirteen elevated and underground and surface railways without any limit on the term of the franchises and absolutely without compensation to the city. To Boss McNICHOL, naturally, the Rapid Transit Company gave the contract for building the eastern half of its subway. “Live and let live!”

Such facts explain the significance of this fall's election. One of the most important aspects is the test of strength between the independents and the machine. One of the machine candidates is DAVE MARTIN, famous as “Dollar Mark Dave,” as delegate to explain “blocks of five” to the citizens of Indiana, and as missionary also to New York to teach that innocent State some few tricks of organization. He was involved some years ago in charges connected with the passage of the Mutual Automatic Telephone ordinance. It appeared that fifteen hundred shares of the company were in his name at a moment when the company was seeking an ordinance, MARTIN at that time being boss.

Philadelphia has an excellent civil service law passed in 1906. Under it the Mayor's duty is to remove any municipal employee taking part in politics. A policeman a few days ago complained that when he received his monthly pay envelope he found that it had been torn open and \$15 extracted from it. He was advised not to “make a holler” or he would get into trouble. He made his “holler” to the Mayor, and that official, instead of investigating the charge, denounced the man as disloyal.

Citizens prominent in independent movements have seen their business injured. One great merchant was officially blackmailed. One of the most prominent men who opposed a traction ordinance received a hint from banking sources, which led him to withdraw. Philadelphia is sometimes called the worst governed city in the United States. Third in population, largely American in race, it is, on account of its government, twenty-seventh in the proportion of school population who go to the high school; but every consideration of honest local government must bow before its proud rôle as the Gibraltar of Protection.

### Patient Explanation

TEMPER RATHER THAN AFFECTION seems to mark the Portland “Oregonian's” view of our humble efforts to help the Pacific Coast shippers. We have ventured to call attention to some of the methods by which the Southern Pacific, through its Pacific Mail Steamship line, has destroyed independent water competition and driven the California shippers into the railroad yards. In one editorial we spoke of the American-Hawaiian Steamship line, an ostensible competitor of the Pacific Mail, which evidently has come, like Mr. HEARST, under the influence of the Southern Pacific. Its competition is more apparent than real. We said that the American-Hawaiian ships carried sugar from Hawaii to New York, and that their return cargoes consisted largely of freight for California. Having in mind the efforts of the Gulf ports to secure water competition between those ports and the Pacific Coast, in order to compel some fairness of railroad rates, we referred to the failure of the Hawaiian ships to touch at any intermediate ports where the Southern Pacific had terminals. The “Oregonian” sought to discredit our statement. It called attention to the fact that these vessels touched at San Francisco, a Southern Pacific terminal point, and patronized us humorously. As we stated that the return cargoes of these ships consisted largely of merchandise for California, the point ought to have been clear to the ordinary reader. If the “Oregonian” would devote more space to the complaints of the Pacific Coast shippers, our efforts would gladly be spared. Mr. ALDRICH recently raised the tariff on lemons, presumably in the interest of the California lemon-grower. The railroads immediately

increased their freight rates on lemons, and made off with Mr. ALDRICH'S gift to the lemon-growers. That is an example of the kind of topic on which a Pacific Coast paper might be expected to become excited.

#### Money and Responsibility

**C**OMMENT HAS BEEN MADE on the wages received by the officers and crew of a great ocean liner as they guide their ship across the sea. This, however, is not an exception. Throughout the whole range of human life very great interests are constantly placed for safe keeping in the hands of men and women whose money reward is small. Is there not in this fact something which should cause us to respect our fellow men the more? For every bank teller who betrays his trust thousands are honest on small salaries. For every school-teacher who wilfully neglects a child thousands, for small pay, do their best. To satisfy our own curiosity, knowing that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has rather well satisfied its members in its efforts to keep up the pay of engineers, we asked Grand Chief WARREN S. STONE to figure out how much is received for taking the Twentieth Century Limited from New York to Chicago by the six or seven engineers who are necessary, one at a time, to take the train over the various sections of the road. The engineer, it turned out, receives the same rate of pay as all other passenger engineers employed on the system, that is, \$3.85 per 100 miles. The distance from New York to Chicago is 979.52 miles. Therefore the engineers in charge of this train receive \$37.70. It is the general impression of the traveling public that an extra rate is paid to the engineers on these limited trains, where an excess fare is charged, but actually they receive the same pay as the engineer running the two or three car local passenger train.

#### The Soldier's Point of View

**W**RITING TO US ABOUT HIS LIFE, a soldier in the United States Army quotes these lines:

"The toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.  
The butterfly along the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad."

He was answering the rather general comment on the failure of soldiers to reenlist at the expiration of their terms, and on the amount of desertion. Our soldier friend finds the predominant reason in the amount of weight that has to be carried on a practise march. The burden includes, when in full field equipment, gun, bayonet, belt, ninety rounds of ammunition, poncho, pole, five pegs, blanket, canteen, and various pieces of clothing, eating utensils, etc., as well as an emergency ration and an intrenching implement, bringing the whole to about fifty-five pounds. Officers rather generally look upon these things as necessary, but a number of soldiers think that eighteen pounds might be discarded, covering the poncho, intrenching implement, the emergency ration, and seventy rounds of ammunition, the arguments being that the poncho interferes with the soldier's walking while on the march and is not of sufficient value in camp to compensate; that in the use of the intrenching tool the soldier receives sufficient instruction at his home post; and that twenty rounds of ammunition would suffice for any emergency likely to arise on a practise march. Other reasons are given by our correspondent, including dissatisfaction with the arrangements for extra and special duty, but the one on which he lays most stress is the wearing effect of the heavy burden.

#### Private Life

**A**HINT FOR AMERICANS generally, and journalists in particular, may (but won't) be taken from a circular letter to the London newspapers, sent by friends of a famous Scotch author, thus:

"The divorce suit of Barrie vs. Barrie and Cannan is down for hearing at the Michaelmas Term. The plaintiff in the suit was in early life a distinguished journalist. More recently his work in fiction and the drama has given pleasure of a high order to hundreds of thousands of readers and spectators wherever the English language is spoken. He is a man for whom the inevitable pain of these proceedings would be greatly increased by publicity.

"Therefore, it is hoped that the press, as a mark of respect and gratitude to a writer of genius, will unite in abstaining from any mention of the case beyond the briefest report of the hearing. The suit is undefended, and, apart from the eminence of the plaintiff, raises no question of the slightest public interest.

"LORD ESHER, GEORGE ALEXANDER, WILLIAM ARCHER, EDMUND GOSSE,  
MAURICE HEWLETT, HENRY JAMES, A. E. W. MASON, ARTHUR PINERO,  
BEERBOHM TREE, H. G. WELLS."

The distinguished signers say "as a mark of respect and gratitude" to Mr. BARRIE. They might have added plenty of other reasons, easy to enumerate.

#### Methods

**W**ILBUR WRIGHT'S FLIGHTS about New York brought out the journalistic weakness of grasping for a sensation, where the desired material can not be obtained. Pictures printed of WRIGHT'S flight about the Statue of Liberty showed even weirder results than those of the river flights. First honors go to the "Evening World," with its biplane made of a gash in a half-tone plate of a river scene. A lot of pictures recently received from France, showing WILBUR WRIGHT in flight there, were all "fakes," and nearly every picture published of BLÉRIOT'S flight across the Channel was "faked." There have even been pictures of the same rural scene showing two different makes of

aeroplanes in the air above the same haystacks. Besides faking the photos, the "Evening Journal" came out cheerfully with a "Personal Story of His Flight"—carrying the name, "By WILBUR WRIGHT," in raised type—which in reality was lifted from an interview in the "Evening Sun" of the day before.

#### Law in the United States

**P**RESIDENT TAFT'S declaration that our criminal procedure is a disgrace to the country is matched by the declaration of Justice BREWER of the Supreme Court of the United States, that "the reversal of a judgment by an appellate court on the ground of a mere technicality, when substantial justice has been administered, is an outrage." In the case of Byers against Territory of Oklahoma, decided last March, and reported in 100 Pacific Reporter, the Oklahoma Court of Criminal Appeals says: "This Court accepts the verdict in the case at bar as a fair, honest, impartial, and humane finding upon the facts in the case, and again announces that this Court will not reverse a case when the record before it shows that the accused had a fair trial, by a fair and impartial jury and trial judge, simply because some harmless technical error may have occurred at the trial." One of the law reviews, which at first criticized us severely for essaying the rôle of legal critic, has recently quoted with approval the words of Professor ROSCOE POUND, who has declared that the near future must see a complete practise act along newer and simpler lines, and who adds: "Our etiquette of justice in this country is the most rigid, the most minute, the most subversive of the ends for which it exists, to be found in any business or industrial communities of the modern world. . . . A very large part of our adjective law is as out of place in a twentieth-century court as gold lace and red coats upon a modern skirmish line." A poll of the Supreme Court judges of one of our Western States recently showed *three out of seven of the judges unaware of the code provision of their own State* which provided that no judgment should be set aside where the substantial rights of the defendant, regardless of technicalities, had been fully accorded in the trial court. The entanglement of our present system is the result of a century of judicial hair-splitting. Perhaps HORACE BINNEY was right when, in his "Life of John Marshall," he said that the world had produced fewer instances of truly great judges than it had of great men in almost every other department of civil life.

#### A Tale of Webster

**A**S JUDGE-MADE LAW is now so much discussed, we may recall one of the neatest answers in history, as far, at least, as our own reading goes:

JUDGE (interrupting WEBSTER'S argument): "That is not law."  
WEBSTER: "It was law until your Honor spoke."

#### Plenty of Work

**B**EFORE NO PROFESSION open stranger vistas than those down which the progressive and imaginative surgeon looks. "Surgery to Cure Theft. St. Louis Physicians to Try to Make — an Honest Man," runs the caption. The despatch tells of an individual who developed kleptomania after a fall from his horse, the theory being that fracture of the skull caused portions of the bone-cap to rest upon that part of the brain governing "moral sensibilities." AUGUSTUS THOMAS touched the theme in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots." Here's hoping trepanning may be practical, before they die, in the lives of Senator RAINES and Uncle JOE. Once this method is perfected, many other candidates, victims of every moral disease, from bribery to rebates, will easily be called to mind.

#### A High Profession

**T**HE RECENT DEATH of Miss MARIA PARLOA, known for her cooking in theory and in practise, left her library on cookery to the Boston Public Library. Now observe an advertisement printed in a New York newspaper of 1807:

"The Connoisseurs in good eating are hereby informed that on Wednesday next, precisely as the clock strikes 12, a most uncommonly fine Green Turtle will be served up at the New York Hotel, 42 Broad Street. Families supplied as usual."

Read over "Pickwick Papers"—English literature is filled with the stomach. It is certain, however, that the interest and importance of food and the treatment of it, whether in the stove or in the mouth, has never before been understood in the United States to anything like the extent it is now coming to be realized.

#### The Point of View

**A**CHILD OF ELEVEN was weeping because her mother had accepted for her an invitation to the Christmas tree of a boy of five. "How much older than you," asked the mother, "would a girl have to be for her presence at your party to seem disgraceful to her?" The child stopped a moment, reflected, answered: "About two years," and then resumed her crying. Long afterward the parent was telling this story to some friends, to illustrate her progeny's ability to separate reason and emotion, and, when she had finished, a child who had been listening observed: "That is just like my mother, always accepting invitations without asking whether I want to go or not." The central meanings of a story may be many, varying with the angle from which the facts are seen.





The Battleship "Minnesota" Gets a Silver Service

Presented at New York on October 4, by Miss Rose Marie Schaller, of Hastings, Minnesota—who christened the warship—on behalf of the citizens of that State

# What the World Is Doing

## A Record of Current Events

### The Boy Scouts

**T**O TEACH the young idea how to shoot, ride, and march—and above all to "Look Out!" to be alert—such is the imperial program for the Boy Scouts of England. Fifteen thousand of them recently mobilized on the archery ground of the Crystal Palace, London. They held contests in pioneering, signaling, ambulance work, camp craft, hurdle-making, swimming, and life-saving. Major-General Baden-Powell, Earl Roberts, and the King have sent greetings and cheer to the boy warriors.

General Baden-Powell's message to the "recruit" says: "It is the simplest thing in the world to join the Boy Scouts. I want every boy between ten and eighteen to help this country by coming in touch with us."

"You all take the Scout's oath, that is, you promise, on your honor, three things, namely:

- "1. To be loyal to God and the King.
- "2. To help other people at all times.
- "3. To obey the Scout law."

Two hundred thousand lads have been enrolled through the length and breadth of Britain. There are badges of merit and tests to win the badges. For the ambulance badge they learn to improvise a stretcher, fling a life-line, show the position of the main arteries and how bleeding may be stopped. For this badge the scout learns as much as a private of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Other badges with a strict régime are those for pioneering, signaling, and seamanship.

Negligee tie over a khaki shirt, "shorts," haversack, and water bottle make up into a costume that has dashes of the frontiersman, the Uganda hunter, and the Swiss mountaineer.

The hidden purpose of the organization is to interest boys in war craft, to get their thoughts turned toward the army and imperial defense. It is all a part of the Anti-German, Dreadnought, Big Army program which has run over England with the speed and vigor of prairie fire. It is doubtful if modern educational leaders will approve of this return to the outworn motive of fear, which used to be so constantly played upon in childhood. Mr. Kipling, ever obediently tuneful to the demands of imperialism, has written a lyric for the boys.



The Silver Punch-Bowl for the Chinese Navy

To be presented by the Second Squadron of the U. S. Atlantic Fleet—the vessels of which are modeled on it in gold  
Oct. 23

### The Week

**T**he latest development in English politics is the sudden rally of the Irish. With the parties torn asunder on the Budget, John Redmond is wise enough to see the chance for working the balance of power to achieve some much-needed legislation for Ireland. T. P. O'Connor is soon to visit the United States to raise money and rouse enthusiasm for this new chance for the Old Cause.

¶ The Cork "Examiner" says: "We support the Budget for the practical advantages which it may afford to our country. We mean to get even with England in financial matters. The Budget should afford larger opportunity for the work of restitution and recoupment."

¶ The Bank of England discount rate was raised to three per cent on October 7. It was decided to raise the rate because of the weakening of the Bank's reserve already made by exports to Egypt—which were necessary for the financing of the cotton crop—and Argentine withdrawals.

¶ E. W. Mix, an American, won the international cup in a balloon race. He left Zurich, Switzerland, October 3. He was in the air 35 hours and 7 minutes, and sailed 650 miles. His victory has been protested. In the recent St. Louis contest the winner's balloon went 540 miles.

¶ One or two of the references in the President's speeches are still being wrestled over in various parts of the country. So we have the Atlanta "Constitution" rising in its place and saying: "We move to amend Lincoln's famous summing up by making it 'A Government of the United States by New England and for New England.'"

¶ Mr. Taft preached another sermon—this time on Self-Restraint—at Fresno, California, on October 10.

¶ A report on marriage and divorce has been published by the Census Bureau. It says: "Apparently the divorce rate, like the velocity of a falling body, is constantly increasing." The investigation showed that in the twenty years covered, the number of divorces granted was 945,625. In the twenty years from 1867 to 1886 the number was about 328,716, hardly more than one-third of the number recorded in the second twenty years.

¶ A. Lawrence Lowell was inaugurated president of Harvard University on October 6.

¶ One more baseball season has ended—this time with no such frenzy as closed the 1908 National League race, when three teams were within a hair's breadth. Pittsburg has captured the 1909 National League pennant. In the American League Detroit was victorious in a close finish.

¶ Of Tammany's nominations for Sheriff, Justice of the City Court, and some of the other city and county offices, William Randolph Hearst says: "To my mind the main objection, and perhaps the only objection, to Judge Gaynor is the fact that in this campaign he is allied with the most atrocious array of soiled and damaged political rags and remnants that have ever been exposed for sale upon the bargain counters of Tammany Hall." To add deed to word, Mr. Hearst on October 9 decided to run for Mayor.

¶ A chain of thirty signal fires on the mountain tops, extended from Fort Wadsworth to Troy on the night of October 9—a distance of one hundred and fifty miles along the Hudson River. It was the fervid "Good Night" and "Good By" of the Hudson-Fulton celebration.

¶ The week's losses have been heavy in the death of Dudley Buck, organist and composer, and Edmond Kelly, lawyer and radical thinker.

¶ Chicago is about to try what looks like a capital device for decreasing municipal expenses. The heads of the departments have agreed to a ten per cent reduction on their payroll, and, if no hitch comes, this will reduce the city expenses by \$1,500,000 worth in 1910.

### The Boston War

**P**ERSISTENT rumors have filled the air and some of the newspapers that the Boston war maneuvers had lamed, crippled, and incapacitated many of the men. It was said that such trial campaigns would not be repeated. The results of the Boston affair were said to be "a disheartened and discouraged set of men."

A reply to these charges has been made by Major-General Leonard Wood, who says:

"The lessons learned were invaluable. One of them is that we haven't enough regulars or militiamen ready for mobilization to defend a city against such an attack as was made against Boston. The other is that it builds up the spirit of cooperation between the regular army and the National Guard."

### Campaign Back-Fire

**T**HE New York campaign is muddled but spirited. The Republicans are making a platform of efficiency and economy, with body blows at Tammany's lavish pay-rolls and bills of expense. Tammany's candidate is admittedly an honest radical.

The campaign grows in briskness with each day. Justice Gaynor, working up through vague phrases of a "breach of faith and plighted word," came out on October 10 with a charge of treachery against Mr. Hearst. Justice Gaynor stated that Mr. Hearst had promised to support him on any ticket.

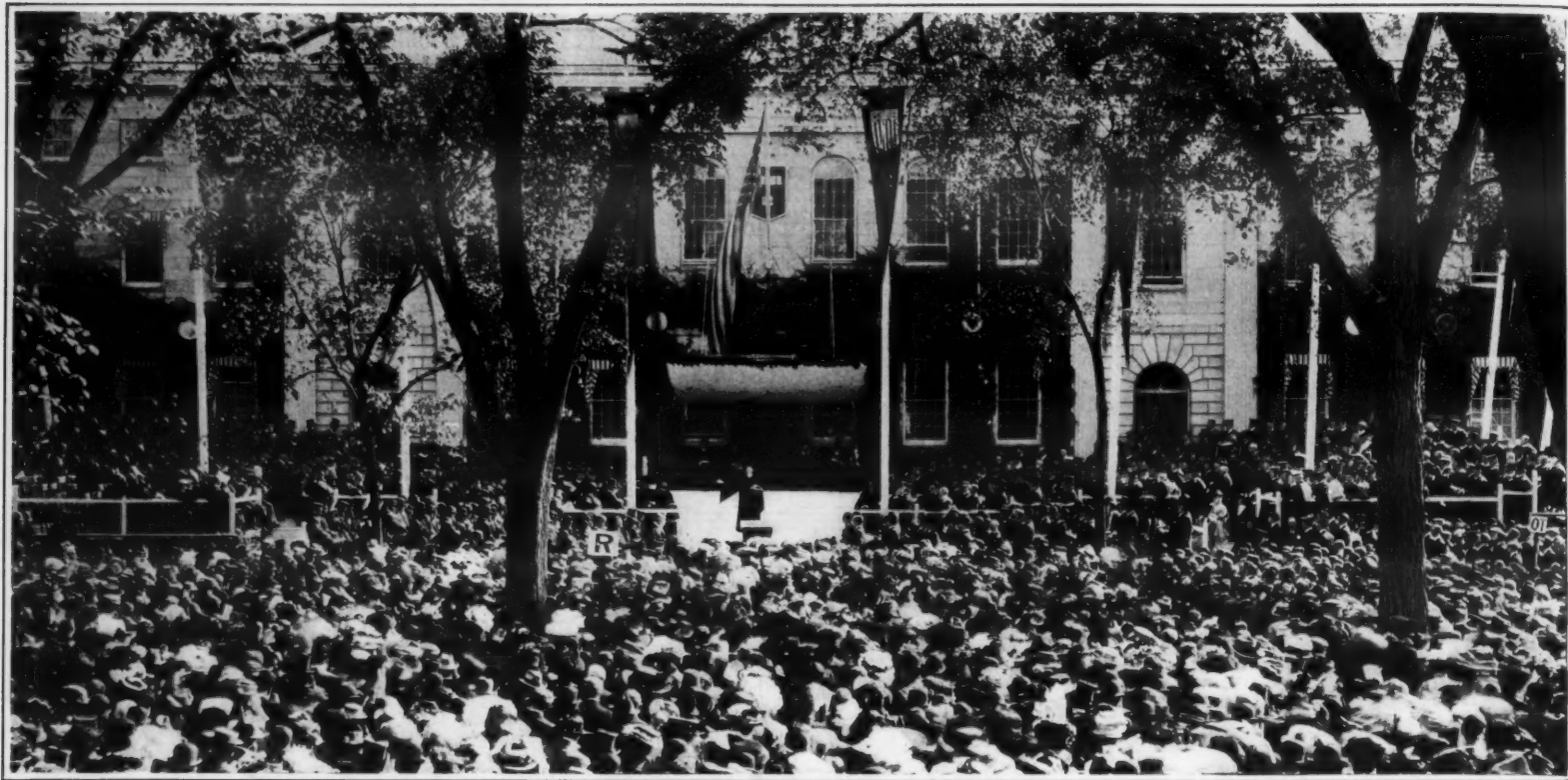
Next day Mr. Hearst issued a bitter denial, saying: "Justice Gaynor has been to me merely a representative of certain ideas, an exponent of certain principles. While he was supporting those principles, I supported him. When he deserted those principles, I parted from him. He invited us independents to enroll under the stained and draggled banners of Tammany Hall."

A national broil has been started by Herbert L. Parsons, Congressman and member of the New York Republican County Committee, in his charges of an unholy alliance between the up-State New York Republican leaders and Tammany to kill the bills introduced at Albany last year to prevent election frauds if Tammany Congressmen would help Cannon defeat the insurgents.

In appreciation for the courtesies extended them while in Japanese waters, on their voyage around the world, the officers and men of the United States Atlantic fleet will present to the Mikado's seamen a massive silver loving-cup, 34½ inches in height, and inscribed in Japanese and English with a record of the occasion, and the gratitude of the Americans. The cup also bears the names of the sixteen vessels of the fleet, sixteen Japanese ships, the crews and flags of the two nations. The Second Squadron, which visited China, will send a punch-bowl to the Chinese navy inscribed in Chinese and English



The Loving-Cup for the Japanese Navy



The Installation of Harvard's New President

Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell, chosen to succeed Dr. Charles W. Eliot, was inaugurated as President of Harvard University on October 6. The ceremony took place before University Hall, in the Harvard yard. A great assemblage, composed of educational, civil, and military representatives was present

The New York "Sun" calls it "this interesting little attack of nightmare."

The renewed candidacy of Jerome for District Attorney has awakened little response, and on October 9 he withdrew. The one-time master of charm has subsided into a faithful public servant who no longer catches the public eye at each reappearance, like a pretty waitress entering with the noon meal.

Apparently a semi-political appeal is baring its beauties to the Forty-sixth Street throngs in New York City. In the heart of the district where the vice trust has run its syndicate of houses for the ruin of immigrant women, some city fathers have built a clean white statue of plaster. It is Purity, and represents the City of New York defending herself from slander. It is the beautiful dream of the Tammany chieftains that the critics will be shamed into silence by that strange apparition arising on the shores of Longacre Square. Just where Rector's throws out its kindly light for the belated traveler, it will be luminous through the night watches.

#### The Boys' Judge

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY of the Juvenile Court of Denver begins the story of his life in the October "Everybody's." It is too bad that so sincere and useful an article as that of Judge Lindsey's is defaced by rhetoric and overemphasis. He or his collaborator, Harvey J. O'Higgins, uses some of the Tom Lawson machinery:

"It was signed; and we had won! (At least we thought so.) And I walked out of the crowded glare of the session's close into an April midnight that was as wide as all eternity and as quiet."

That flaw runs through the first instalment. Why not tell it simply for the rest of the year?

The narrative itself names names and throws the hooks. Judge Lindsey tells how, when he was a youngster scrubbing floors and running messages in a law office, with severe poverty at home, he came from work after a discouraging day. He got a revolver, locked himself in his room, stood in front of a mirror, put the muzzle to his temple and pulled the trigger. "The hammer snapped sharply on the cartridge; a great wave of horror and revulsion swept over me in a rush of blood to the head; and I dropped the revolver on the floor and threw myself on my bed, sobbing and shuddering."

"By some miracle the cartridge had not exploded; but the nervous shock of that instant when I felt the trigger yield and the muzzle rap against my forehead with the impact of the hammer—that shock was almost as great as a very bullet in the brain."

He describes the career of his partner and himself as young lawyers. He tells how the Denver City Tramway Company and the Speaker of the Colorado House of Representatives worked together, and how, little by little, "the interests" won away his partner from his idealism and clean ambitions. As his partner put it: "You know that all the money there

is in law is in corporation business. We're trying to buck up against the whole game. And what do we do it for? For 'the people.' The dear people! To h—l with them. A good half of them are in this game themselves. They won't help us. They'll turn on us, quick as a cur, as soon as they get the word. And the other half doesn't know and doesn't want to know. They wouldn't believe us if we told them. They don't care. All they want is to make a living and keep out of trouble and not be bothered about 'politics.'"

#### The Gentlemen from Etah

IN SPITE of the charges of Peary against Cook, some of them specific, Dr. Cook holds the public with him. That must be admitted by all open-minded observers. The "Saturday Review," which would beam with joy if it could nail an American liar, says: "Even Commander Peary must perceive that Dr. Cook's case does not wear at all badly as time goes on."

Various cities are giving Dr. Cook as hearty a welcome as if there were no Polar controversy. Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Chicago, and Kansas City have turned out large crowds at the railroad station and the local theater to see and hear the explorer.

It is time we began to get action. Commander Peary has been talking more charges for three weeks, but the detailed charges have not been released. Also, it is time for Dr. Cook to turn in his data to whatever body of scientists he selects.

The souvenir hunters have well-nigh stripped the Roosevelt of its portable junk, and the crew have been hospitably entertained. Commander Peary remains in pretty complete retirement.

The most human paragraphs in Dr. Cook's Polar Dash serial story are those that tell of the dogs.

"The long strain of the march had given a brotherly sympathy to the trio of human strugglers. Under the same strain was made the descent to canine levels. The dogs, though still possessing the savage ferocity of the wolf, had taken us into their community. We now moved among them without hearing a grunt of discord, and their sympathetic eyes followed until we were made comfortable on the cheerless snows. If our dogs happened to be placed near enough, they edged up and encircled us, giving the benefit of their animal fires. To remind us of their presence, frost-covered noses were frequently pushed under the bag, and occasionally a cold snout touched our warm skin with a rude awakening."

They willingly did a prodigious amount of work each day, and then as bedfellows they offered their fur as shelter and bones as head-rests to their two-footed companions. We had learned to appreciate the advantage of their beating breasts. And now there was a stronger reason than ever to appreciate power, for together we were seeking an escape from a world which was never intended for creatures with thumping hearts.

#### The Sound of the Hammer

THE newspapers of the country are debating whether the Imperial city made good with its Hudson-Fulton celebration. The "Evening Bulletin" of Philadelphia is moved to deal with the faithful wounds of a friend. It quotes Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer, who directed the Historical Pageant of Founders' Week:

"It was a parade of national and secret societies in their street dress, or, in the best case, in their regalia, carrying their flags and banners, escorted by bands playing marches from the Broadway music halls. As such it was probably an interesting parade. I am no judge of that subject."

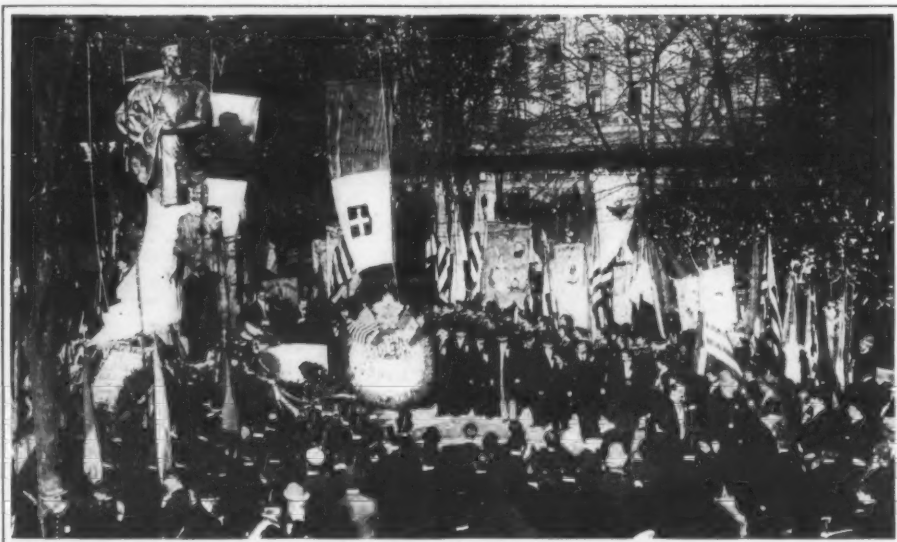
"If the city, as is said, paid \$300,000 for this parade, it is the most outrageous piece of jobbery since the days of the Tweed ring. We could have built these floats with our force in Philadelphia for \$20,000—or, rather, we could have built the same number of such as were used here last October."

Arthur Brisbane, in his "Evening Journal," was grieved by the proceedings of Tuesday.

"For absolute mismanagement, for discomfort for all, abuse, manhandling, mauling, and slugging, for tens of thousands, yesterday's day of pleasure in New York City could not well be beaten."

The "Rhenish Westphalian Gazette" calls the celebration "a colossal typically American bluff." It asserts that the celebration is a piece of political legerdemain on the part of Mayor McClellan and his fellow Tammany politicians, designed exclusively to perpetuate the power of Tammany Hall in Greater New York for another four years.

"It requires to be emphasized that President Taft did not allow himself to be used for the purposes of Tammany Hall, for he deliberately planned his cross-country tour during the period of the Hudson-Fulton orgies."



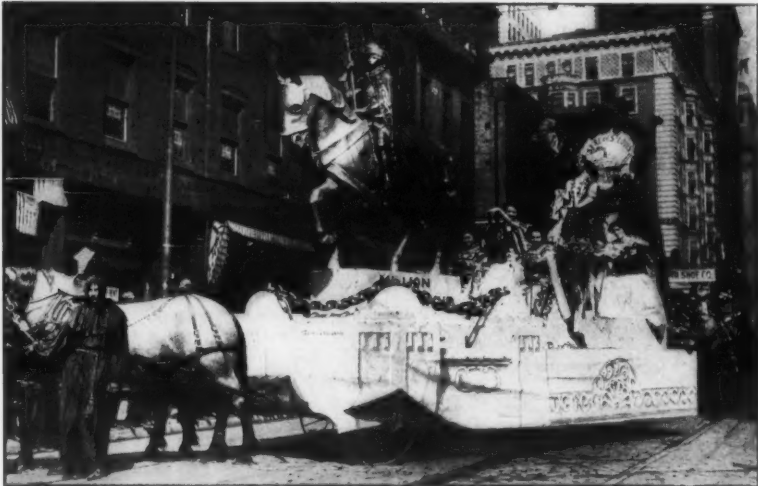
To the Italian Discoverer of Manhattan

On October 6 the Italian societies of New York, with the officers of the Italian cruisers, attending the Hudson-Fulton celebration as guests, unveiled in Battery Park a heroic bronze statue of Giovanni de Verrazzano, who visited the mouth of the Hudson River in 1524





Start of the balloon race at St. Louis on October 4—the winner, "The Centennial," landed in Alabama; others came down in Minnesota, Missouri, and Arkansas



The float of the "Million Population Club," which headed the Industrial Parade of Thursday, October 7. The displays of commercial houses made up this procession



On the afternoon of October 7, a pilgrimage was made to Cahokia, Illinois, to the Catholic Church erected by the French pioneers who settled there in 1682



The float of the "St. Louis Republic" in the historical parade of October 8. It reproduces the original home of the "Missouri Gazette" from which the "Republic" developed. The characters represent the proprietor of the "Gazette" and his printer. Two antique printing-presses were carried on the wagon

## Ancient History and Modern Balloons at the St. Louis Centennial



Mr. John Drew gets out of bed in "In-constant George"

# The Season Opens

by Arthur Ruhl

Plays and Players of the Opening Season in New York



Mr. Barrymore as an idle young man in "The Fortune Hunter"

IT WAS while telling Miss Revendal about the American symphony that young David Quixano spoke of the immigrants at Ellis Island:

"Here you stand, good folk, think I; here you stand in your fifty groups, with your fifty languages and histories, and your fifty blood hatreds and rivalries. But you won't be long like that, brothers, for these are the fires of God you've come to—these are the fires of God. A fig for your feuds and vendettas! Germans and Frenchmen, Irishmen and Englishmen, Jews and Russians—into the crucible with you all! God is making the American!"

David was a Russian Jew. All his family had been slaughtered at Kishineff, and he had come to America to live with his uncle and grandmother. Behind him was the memory of that massacre and of the "cold butcher's face" of the Russian officer who directed it. He himself had been wounded in the left shoulder, and his violin, resting there, gouged the wound sometimes and the whole picture of that ghastly Easter Sunday returned while he played. Before him was this new world which had been beckoning to him and his people ever since he could remember. No wonder, perhaps, that he saw it in the clear bright light in which it appeared to its founders.

He met Vera Revendal while playing his violin at a settlement house and the young people fell in love with each other. But this love had to be tested in the crucible, too, and out of that Mr. Zangwill makes his play.

## In the Melting Pot

MISS REVENDAL was the daughter of a Russian nobleman. She had revolted against the reactionary ideas of her father and migrated to New York, there to earn her living in settlement work. But she was still a Christian, with an orthodox Russian's prejudice against the Jews. And she could not surrender herself to this young genius without a struggle. That was her test.

Her father was the Russian officer whom David had seen at Kishineff. When, therefore, Baron Revendal came to New York to find his daughter and the face which had so long been hovering just behind the young musician, consciousness suddenly confronted him in reality, the old madness returned and swept everything before it. In the scene between the two men which followed, the remnants of Vera's vague uneasiness, of the centuries of Jew-loathing, were brushed completely away, but for David an impassable barrier seemed to rise between them. He could hear the Easter church bells ringing again and the simple people exchanging good wishes, and see his mother and father and little sister—and then what followed and their dead and mutilated bodies and the cold implacable face.

This was his test. His symphony was played at last with great success, but the applause seemed only irony. Failure seemed to shriek from the violins and thunder from the drums. For he had been false to his music, "gloating over the old blood-stains," denying that his own hate could be dissolved in any melting pot. When he was able to see this at last he and Vera were standing on the roof of the settlement house looking out over New York. The sun was setting and the jagged city skyline was ablaze. "It is the fires of God," said David.

"There she lies," he cried, "the great melting pot—listen! Can't you hear the roaring and the bubbling? There gapes her mouth—the harbor where a thousand mammoth feeders pour in their human freight. Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian. How the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame! Ah, Vera, what is the glory



Mr. Forbes-Robertson as the benevolent Passerby

of Rome and Jerusalem, where all nations come to worship and look back, compared with the glory of America, where all nations come to labor and look forward!"

Not every one, perhaps, can equal his enthusiasm. Some who share his general feeling do not enjoy so rhetorical a young man. Or they find "The Melting Pot's" comedy unamusing and obvious, ingenious as was the notion of bringing an Irish servant-girl round at last to liking her Jewish mistress.

Mr. Zangwill's play has faults.

He has put into flesh and blood, however, an emotion and conviction common in one degree or another to all Americans—struck a deeper and more vital American note than is often heard on our stage. The characters through whom this general theme is worked out have, moreover, an especial significance, representing, as they do, an intelligent Jew's comments on his own people. The struggle between new and old in the Quixano family—the young idealist wholly given over to the new world, the partially Americanized uncle and the whole alien and orthodox grandmother—is exactly the struggle now being lived out under thousands of New York's roofs.

A great many Americans were entertained by this play during its year's run in the West—got new ideas or heard a half-instinctive conviction for the first time expressed. And it was a quaint example of New York's parochialism that the piece had to come to the special source of its inspiration and to the critics of several of the journals on which the public is supposed to depend for discriminating advice to be received with almost complete lack of understanding, not to say derisive hoots. It was a comment on the chance important work sometimes seen in the center of our theatrical world.

Mr. Walter Whitely, who will be remembered as a boy Hamlet of a few years ago, has an excellent voice, and his simplicity and restraint did much to make David's rhetorical speeches seem real. Miss Crystal Herne gave sweetness and distinction to the part of Vera Revendal.

Not so important as literature or as a work of imagination, but a dozen times more tingling with the hot breath and surface of contemporary American life is Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson's and Miss Harriet Ford's "The Fourth Estate." It is a newspaper play, written by a man who knows newspaper life—lifted right out of the roar of a modern "yellow" newspaper mill, so to speak, and as alive as to-day's paper is when it comes up to the city room damp from the press.

## A Newspaper Reformer

BRAND was a young newspaper man with an almost apostolic zeal for serving the people by telling the truth. He ran down a story reflecting on the integrity of a United States Court judge and printed it, although the judge was father of the girl he loved. The interests behind the judge protested, and by using the familiar loss-of-advertising club forced the reporter's dismissal. The new owner of the paper, a rich miner risen from the ranks, no sooner heard this than he discharged his managing editor, put the reporter in his place, and told him to go ahead with a free hand.

For a year, in spite of the "conservative" element's adroit manipulation of the new-rich owner's weak point—the social ambitions of his wife and daughter—Brand keeps his free hand. Conclusive evidence of the judge's corruption is then unearthed. In order to convince his employer of the judge's guilt, Brand allows him-

self to be bribed. The judge is forced to come to Brand's own office, and their conversation is carried through an ingeniously arranged telephone to two reporters in an adjoining room and rushed into type. At the instant the judge hands over the \$10,000 in bills the audience is blinded by a flashlight explosion—the scene is photographed—and down goes the curtain.

The next act shows the composing-room at night with the linotypes clicking and the forms being hammered down as the paper goes to press. The front page is ready, with the half-tone plate set in the upper half so that every one will catch the whole story at a glance—"the greatest front page ever printed in an American newspaper"—when the owner, weakened at last, comes in and orders it "killed." Young Brand has already sacrificed the woman he loved to what he considered his duty. The story—that is to say, his chance to serve the people by saying for them what they can not say for themselves—is about all he has left. He calls back his men, inserts his own name in a three-line story about a woman who had committed suicide because she was "weary of a life of prostitution," sends the paper to press with the big story in it, and shoots himself as the curtain falls.

## A New Star in Our Sky

IT MAY reasonably be objected that the play is unjust, "yellow," and that it has little more of the quality of permanency than the headlines in to-day's newspaper. If nothing is so dull, however, as yesterday's newspaper, few things are so magically alive as that same paper as it comes up from the presses throbbing, so to speak, with all its potentialities—the suddenly set reality of what only a few minutes before was the fluid, shifting illusive fabric of the outside world.

Something of this latter quality the authors of "The Fourth Estate" have succeeded in getting into their play. Some of their work—the stereopticon announcement of Brand's suicide on the stage curtain, for instance—is doubtless "tricky," but at the moment and under the special circumstances even this was effective melodrama. The newspaper controlled by advertising, the judge and his decisions, the ambitious mother and daughter, all these are subjects of immediate interest, and in its general tendency "The Fourth Estate" is the sort of criticism which makes our stage much more worth while.

When Miss Hedwig Reicher as Anna Ricanskaya first stepped into the revolutionary printing shop in "On the Eve," we must confess to experiencing very much such a "turn" as when, one night a few years ago down at the Educational Alliance, Nazimova first swam into our ken. Miss Reicher is tall and beautiful. She resembles Mrs. Patrick Campbell, but with more vigor and power. And she has an unusual voice. As soon as she spoke the voices of the men sounded frail and piping. In a later scene she made the single exclamation "No!" and it was like a bell tolling through an ice cavern.

Sometimes this voice becomes a trifle loud and harsh—an emotional actress is in danger of that—and one suspects a slight lack of plasticity in Miss Reicher's technique. Her possibilities can be measured better later on in a more congenial part. Miss Reicher is the daughter of Ibsen's stage-manager. She acted in Germany and last year at the two German theaters in New York, and she has had experience in the German classic drama and in the plays of Ibsen. The play in which she makes her first English appearance is a rather relentless "adaptation" from the German of Leopold Kampf. It is a mixture of long rhetorical speeches and unconvincing melodrama which borrows interest, however, from the revolutionary Russia in which it is based. Miss Reicher's English is already better than that spoken by the average American actress. There seems every indication that she has a brilliant future before her.



Miss Hedwig Reicher as a Russian Revolutionist





## A Comparison of British and American Methods at the Theater

# Going to the Play in London

## by Richard Harding Davis

Illustrated by  
MAY WILSON  
PRESTON

THE first difference I always find between going to the play in London and in New York is that in New York the man who has paid for a seat is made to feel that he is a patron of the house; while in London he is greeted by the staff of the theater, not exactly as an intruder, but as a necessary evil. They appreciate that an audience is necessary, but, sooner than have one, they would almost prefer to close the house.

In London, for that importantly strategic outpost of ticket-taker, an old man of eighty is always employed. You think this is accident, but it is not. Old age naturally suggests failing eyesight, and when he keeps you waiting in the foyer while he examines your ticket, and assures himself that it is not a laundry bill or a motor-bus receipt, you attribute the delay to his bad eyes. But, in detaining you, he has a motive. Standing at his elbow, scowling darkly, there always is another man, apparently a plainclothes one from Scotland Yard, uncomfortably disguised in evening dress. And, while the aged ticket-taker pretends to scrutinize your ticket, the lookout man scans you. You can not escape his eye. He never sleeps. No American, no matter how reckless, can hope to pass that man with a concealed bomb, or a revolver, or wearing a white tie with a dinner coat. In my experience no one ever has even tried. It may be that while you wait, from inside the theater, you will hear the gay music of the orchestra, the glad voices of a chorus free from care, but you dare not move. Until the lookout man has mentally compared you with all the faces in the Rogues' Gallery, and decided regretfully that as yet your face is missing, the aged keeper of the gate clings to your ticket. When he hands it to you, you congratulate yourself that you are free. But you are not. Inside the door is a commissionaire in sergeant's stripes and medals. He also passes upon your ticket. If it be a perfectly good ticket, he tells you through which particular subway you are to pass to reach your seat, and with a wave of his hand assigns you to the custody of one of several trained nurses in black. Sometimes these professional mourners are pretty, but no one has ever dared to tell them they are, and so they never smile. Instead, their glances are skeptical, scornful, proud. They look at you as though in a noisy and intoxicated manner you had forced your way into a house of mourning, and when the particular trained nurse who has been assigned to your case leads you down a dark, subterranean passage, the cheerful spirits with which you set out for the theater have disappeared. You feel, rather, as though she were conducting you to the operating-room of a dentist. But she merely halts you in front of another ex-army man seated at a table. Before him, on the table, is spread a house plan of the stalls, such as, in one-night stands at home, are "Now on view at Hadley's Drug-store."

This house plan is covered with numbers. The sergeant takes your ticket, and tries to find if the number on it is a combination of numerals that is generally accepted, and if it exists on his house plan. If it should not, I can not imagine what would happen! But if the number of your stall happens to coincide with a number officially recognized by the management, and if your ticket is good for that particular night and for that particular theater, and is signed by the owner of the theater, the manager of the theater, the lessee of the theater, the sublessee, the man who rents the bar privileges, and is stamped on the back, "Wigs by Clarkson," he returns it to the lady in black. There still is some distance to walk before you reach the stalls, and as it is the purpose of the trained nurse to sell you a program, it would seem that the most suitable place for holding you up would be in the seclusion of the

subway where no one but yourself would be disturbed. But that would be against all of her traditions. It also would allow her time in which to make change, and she does not wish to make change. It is by not making change that she supports herself and an aged mother.

Instead, she waits until you are seated, with access to your pockets barred by the arms of your stall and the elbows of your neighbors, and then planting herself between you and the stage, and shutting off your view and that of a dozen other innocent people, she suddenly, from beneath her apron, produces a program

with disdain. She even tries to throw the blame upon you. She regards you patiently, deprecatingly; her expression says: "It's *his* fault. He hasn't got sixpence. He *never* had sixpence." Sometimes she turns, and with sad surprise looks over her shoulder at the actors. To find them still engaged in what appears to be to her an undignified effort grieves her deeply, and when she again looks at the audience it is with reproach and pity. Meanwhile you can find only a shilling, and you hand that to her and glare at her. The glare means that sixpence is due to you in change, and that you mean to have it. She begins a search for the sixpence. While she searches she looks at you questioning and at the other sufferers significantly.

"He is keeping me here," her glance says, "blocking your view, spoiling your pleasure, for sixpence." Her pantomime is expressive. It is as though she spoke aloud. You blush uncomfortably, but, knowing she has a pocketful of sixpences, you reassure yourself with the bromide adage that "It isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing," and you try to give the impression that you are listening to the play. But, with the lady planted directly in your line of vision, this is difficult. And when, after having apparently searched herself throughout, she murmurs, "I'll bring you your change," you admit defeat and wave her away. She not only has robbed you of sixpence, but she has spoiled a very expensive dinner and she has ruined the first act. I have calculated that after you have passed through the hands of the *attachés* of a London theater, ten minutes must elapse before a musical comedy can win back your good humor. In the case of a comedy, a half-hour is required. When the entertainment happens to be of a serious nature, you do not recover your peace of mind until you are half through supper.

At home it is different. In New York the man at the door tears the coupon off your ticket and sticks it back between your thumb and forefinger while you are still entering the theater; in the lobby a page in buttons presses a program upon you, and his older brother seizes your coupon, and, sliding down the aisle, as though he were on roller-skates, waves you to your seat. Your progress forward has not once been impeded. You have been received with an alertness that amounts to a welcome. If you are an habitual theater-goer, the ticket-taker, the page, the usher, or all three, may greet you with a grin. Even if you are a stranger, they

make you feel that, "on behalf of the management," they are glad, not only to get your money, but to get you.

London managers have told me that from the sale of programs they derive in a season from two to three thousand pounds. What the sale of programs costs their patrons in temper and in digestion can not be established. What the trained nurses make in sixpences would each year float a *Dreadnought*.

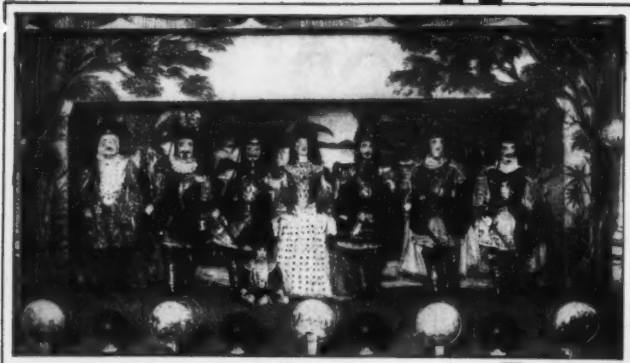


"The aged keeper of the gate clings to your ticket"

and demands sixpence. By this time the delays have marred your otherwise generous disposition, and you are determined that sixpence she shall have and no more. And with much discomfort to yourself and to all around you, you begin to squirm and wriggle in a search for that exact sum. Meanwhile those who are prevented from seeing the stage frown upon the trained nurse. But that does not disturb her. She meets their frowns



The Maker of the Puppets Creating Rinaldo



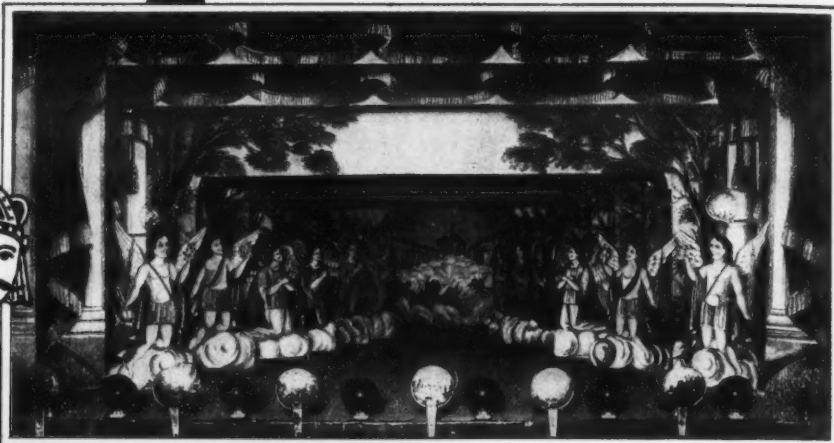
## Arthur H. Gleason

IF YOU ever happen to be in New York City, go and see Salvatore Lo Cascio's Marionettes at 111th Street and First Avenue. They act out for you the Charlemagne legends in bits of two hours an evening and fifty evenings to the cycle. You will be one of an audience of eighty to two hundred push-cart peddlers, candy-store men, ditch-diggers—Italians, all—using their imagination on a semihistoric scene. Up one flight of stairs, past the hospitable door of a wine-parlor, past the white-and-red sign that advertises "Terrifico Combatten," you climb to the ticket-office, where Lo Cascio's wife sells yellow and blue tickets. Then in you go to a room where caste prevails. The rear half is filled with blue benches at ten cents a sitting, as blood-red figures on the wall declare. The superior seats are valued at fifteen cents and are individual wooden chairs. Seven gas footlights, luminous but flickering, throw a fierce white light on the stage, where in the unrelieved glare, the nervous-jerking figures gesture and love and perish for two hours of every evening of the year—and twice on Sunday. With set countenance but full of gesture, they fight and go to their long home. They live a more animated life of vivacity and expressive motion than is our Northern way. But they are full as gallant—those saluting, capering, swaying Southrons of eloquent feet and arms—as our reticent warriors. Haughty sovereigns, princes of the blood royal, and ugly unbelievers, say their say and go to the place prepared for them. The shouting and the tumult dies, victor and trampled corpse are one when the lights go out, and hero and Moor, one hundred and twenty-five of them, four feet high one hundred pounds heavy, are hung each on his hook around the stage, in rows three deep.

### The Master of the Puppets

THOSE tiny men in action have the grand manner. They enter with an air, step forward and then back, as one who starts a minuet. And the setting for their gallantry in fight and love is rich. Belasco in his most prolific color drama never had so many gay carmine and purple scenes as are unrolled in panoramic profusion to the rear of the agile manikins. Like Wagner's dream of opera at Baireuth, all-inclusive of the arts, where painting, sculpture, music, scene-shifting, and poetry are all handmaidens coöperant in the peerless, full-orbed drama, so the master of the puppet show reaches out after a galaxy of arts and crafts, and pulls down into his burning focus divergent rays serene. Out of wood and glue, paint, wires, and iron rings he makes the red-cheeked, stern-whiskered little people. Night by night he gives them a voice—gives them breath, makes them live, pours into them all the wit and passion of his own starved life. His hand carved them out of blocks of wood, his strong arms manipulate them into galvanic life, and his voice is vibrant for their woes and boastings. With his feet he pounds out the thunderous accompaniments of their mortal combats. He is the slayer and the slain. A very Brahma, he is the wings of those that fly him; and he is all things to all his men. Early in the morning he is busy in the shop, tuning up the fading cheek and strengthening the arm of the fighting man. He paints the scenery that envisages them. He reads the book of Ariosto, or the rapid folk-lore narrative of the Carolingian epoch, and memorizes the evening's encounters. He drills his helpers. Then through the two-

# The Last Stand of the Marionette



The Kingdom of Heaven in Puppet-Land

distended pair of scissors. Once before the curtain fell, with one clean sweeping blow, the Christian knight removed the head of his antagonist, which rolled toward the left wing. His body fell an instant later in tardy response to the fatality already accomplished.

The high historic pageant flows by, broken only twice by comic bits. Once while Rinaldo was strutting from right to left in full panoply and mighty stature, an undersized Saracen, of black face and snub nose, entered and nearly bumped Rinaldo before catching sight of him. One look at the mighty hero was enough, and the Saracen fled with a shriek. An hour later there entered a Christian soldier, but he, too, was a

comic. He came in puffing a cigar. With each humorous remark, he discharged a cloud of smoke. This sporting effect was produced by Signor Lo Cascio blowing down a tube. The soldier talked in a falsetto voice and was saucy to Rinaldo, and finally made a swift exit with the rather personal remark, flung over his shoulder along with a trail of smoke, that Rinaldo was an imp of the devil.

### The Godlike Five

THE liking for the spectacle of carnage is in the mortal texture. How much more innocent is Lo Cascio's method of gratifying his clientele than the ring-side way. The beast-like yells that come from the spectators at a prize-fight when the blood begins to spurt or a bone snaps, are of less benefit as a form of self-expression than the naive approval of the venders in the rear rows as the Christian triumphs gloriously over Pagan foes. The evening's most intense moment was reached when the hero, brave but obtuse as only a man can be, met face to face with the scaled monster, a Gargantuan lizard, that rose from the depths through a trap which he, the hero, unsealed with a sword-thrust. His lady, standing at his right hand, who knew right well the mystic trick that would solve the situation, implored him not to kill but to kiss the beastie. He argued that this was a foolish thing to do. She besought him by all her once commended beauty to do her bidding. He stooped and kissed the great red lips. And straightway out of the yawning cavern rose an imprisoned lady, who else had perished miserably. How the unseen actors (seen by us standing with them in the wings) agonized over this culmination. Naked to the waist, like clean-white stokers, the five men worked the figures, making them salute, strut, dance, fight in mortal combat, kiss, and die—till the sweat poured from them.

The whinnying monster was voiced by a young Italian whose whole heart went into making him hideous and terrifying. And the pleading lady drew out your very soul by the pain in the voice of that Sicilian woman. Her face carried all the reality of the suffering in the plea of the painted lady whom only the audience saw. The lines grew deep in her face. She seemed weary and emptied as she carried the scene through to its moving, successful close. Here is improvisation. What the troubador brought forth on his strangled instrument, with the laughing, sobbing accompaniment of his audience, seen by him and by them seen for sympathy—these people render in the dark. They are passionate in the background.

The maker of the puppets is a man so sensitive, courteous, responsive, as to win you. He and that improvis-

(Continued on page 24)

### The Noble Strut and Grand Air of the Marionettes

hour performance he pulls the wires and carries the dialogue, improvising every moment. And when the audience stumbles out, he hangs his people up.

Lo Cascio, the master of the puppets, is greatly assisted by a Sicilian woman (Maria Grasso) from the Teatro Popolare of Catania, daughter of the Italian marionette actor, Giovanni Grasso. Herself the voice of marionettes from the day on which she was ten years old, she came across the water to join Lo Cascio three years ago. And for more than three hundred nights each year she has made the ladies live. Her elocution is clear and fluent, and more than that, her voice has the emotional sympathy in it that conveys her mood of grief or joy.

There was some splendid fighting—twenty or thirty personal combats. Always the two enemies—Christian, tall, handsome, with shining armor—Saracen, tall, negroid, with dull, faded blue costume—began their quarrel at close range, making short stabbing motions with their two-foot swords, vicious thrusts at the opponent's face and lungs. After three minutes of this "roughing it up," they thoroughly angered each other, and swung back to opposite sides of the scene in order to gain momentum for a rush. They balanced for a moment on their armored heels and then dashed at each other across the twenty-foot wide arena. You could hear the crash clear to the back row, as sword shivered on shield. Three times they clashed horridly, and three times retired to their wings for a fresh impact. At the third onslaught, body smashing body amid the ring of steel, the Christian beat down the evil Saracen, who, released from his hook, as a butcher who unslings a rump of beef, fell to the floor, as falls on Mount Avernus a thunder-smitten oak. Occasionally as they sprawl out in the mimic death-agony, a leg will kick up in ineffectual protest against fate, as dispensed by the godlike five who work the wires and hand out victory and disaster from the Olympian superstructure.

### A Night of Combats

WHILE the combat is on, the pianist, seated at his "Metropolitan" piano, plays rag-time at a wild tempo, heightening the fury by his tone-color. And the five hidden men who operate the figures stamp on the wooden floor of their platform, so that noise, nerve-shattering dreadful noise, emphasizes the fatal scene, where one must surely die, and even the conqueror suffer grievous wounds. The cluttered dead are heaped high in the foreground, as the prevailing champion beats down an endless chain of opponents, who enter each with a proud boast of prowess and a salute of wide-apart legs, like a



# The New Theatre

Some of the Faults of Our Stage and a Few Words on the Methods Which it is Hoped Will Correct Them

by Winthrop Ames

THE trouble with the drama is this," said a wise theatrical manager; "if you conduct it as a purely business proposition you're damned for commercialism; if you don't conduct it as a purely business proposition you go bankrupt." And in this sentence he came far nearer to expressing the real truth about the whole dramatic situation, particularly in America, than do all the familiar diatribes in which the contemporary stage is held up to scorn. The theater is no place for the impractical idealist. The stakes involved are too large.

But the drama is, after all, essentially an art; and in dealing with an art the purely commercial spirit must always fall short of the mark. If "art for art" is Scylla, "art for money" is Charybdis.

## Two Modern Systems

THE two factors in the modern system of management which tend to limit artistic freedom are the "long run" and the "star system." These are comparatively modern developments, and are not the creation of any man or group of men; they arise from the facility and cheapness of American railway transportation. A generation ago, when travel was expensive and slow, a manager's public was in general limited to his local field. A few cities—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and some others—had their local stock companies. To-day every city in the land, large and small, is only a few days' travel from New York, and its people expect to see, and do see, the best and the latest New York productions. The audience of any popular play may now be numbered not by thousands but by hundreds of thousands. The old local stock company, with its short runs and frequent changes of bill has been superseded by the traveling company, which, with a successful piece, may play from three months to a season in New York, and then goes on the road for an entire year, or even for two years.

The best drama which can be supplied on the long-run system, however, is not necessarily the only best. A play, to be profitable, must appeal in San Francisco or New York. It can not, therefore, deal in subtleties, or in ideas and conceptions of character unfamiliar to the man in the street. If George Meredith had been an American playwright, he would have been unproduced, or if produced, a failure. We are limited to the dramatic "best sellers," to borrow the publishers' phrase.

The star system is a corollary of the long-run system. To the public of the "road" the name of a playwright means little, the title of his play almost nothing. "Jack Straw, by Somerset Maugham," is not a phrase to conjure with. But the name of Mr. John Drew is happily familiar from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon; from Rome, New York, to Athens, Georgia. One of the chief assets in the business of the theater has, therefore, become the name and the personality of the star.

Here again are conditions which, though not in themselves obnoxious, operate to lessen artistic freedom of star is to be maintained at the pitch which both he and his managers find commercially desirable, it will not be wise for him to appear in a play in which any other part is as strong as his own. Thus the individual actor dominates the playwright on the one hand, and his fellow actors on the other.

## A Machine Method

ANOTHER unfortunate result—perhaps artistically the most unfortunate of all—is the change which the long run and extended route have worked in the position of the producing manager. In former times in America, and still for the most part in Europe, the producing manager was an artist who personally superintended the preparation of each play given at his theater. Under our American system this has now become impossible. The scope of the manager's activities has grown too great; he has been transformed from a producer into a business executive. The men at the head of the larger theatrical organizations of to-day may choose or approve the plays they produce; but if they cast the actors and over-

see rehearsals, they do so not from an artistic but from an administrative standpoint. Their attention is devoted to the financing of their productions, perfecting the arrangements for moving them from city to city, and the other endless details involved in the practical conduct of their varied and extensive enterprise.

The frequent course of making modern productions is substantially as follows: The manager and the star agree upon a play which they believe profitable; and the text of that play is arranged, sometimes in consultation, sometimes in combat with the author. The early rehearsals are usually conducted by the star, assisted by a subordinate stage-manager, the star's voice being predominant in the arrangements of the "business" and the development, or repression, of the minor characters. At late rehearsals, a so-called "general stage director," the representative of the producing manager, appears, and proceeds to apply a few finishing touches—and if the play is to be put on during the busy season, this general stage director rushes from one rehearsal to another in a cab, supervising the final effect of plays which he may never have had an opportunity to read more than once or twice in manuscript. At this stage, too, the business and conceptions are too nearly fixed to admit of any but the most superficial alterations. The producing manager—the fountain-head of authority—appears only at the dress rehearsal.

It is obvious that a work so delicate, so individual, so essentially artistic as the production of a worthy play, can not be properly accomplished by any such machine method.

Briefly then, the long-run system has a tendency to prevent the production of plays which may be of artistic merit, but are not of wide popular appeal; to limit the field of choice still further by preferring plays in which the chief interest is centered in an individual performer; to hamper the freedom of the playwright in his selection of a subject and in its development; and to impair the art of stage management and ensemble acting.

## Plans for the First Season

THE New Theatre, which is to open its doors to the public early in November, is intended by its founders primarily as an institution of service. Its aim is to serve the cause of dramatic art and so the play-going public. It is not subsidized, but by its constitution it may pay no dividends. Should any profits accrue from its operations they are to be devoted to enlarging the scope of its activities. If it can reasonably avoid the artistic disadvantages of purely commercial management and still remain self-supporting, the intention of its founders will have been fulfilled.

To meet as nearly as may be this intention, The New Theatre will adopt as the basis of its operation the "repertory system." That is, the twelve productions which it is to make during the first season will not be given in sequence—one play following another, and each running its continuous quota of performances until it is finally supplanted by the next—but several pieces will be "in repertory" at the same time and performed in alternation.

One piece may, for example, be given four times

a week, another twice, another only once. The more popular the play the greater number of performances it will be accorded. A success may continue not only throughout one, but several, seasons if need be, until public demand for it has been satisfied; and the author and theater have reaped all the profit of its popularity. But side by side with the popular plays it will be possible to produce, under this repertory system, others of less general appeal, although of equal or greater artistic value.

## Classic and Modern Productions

TO ATTEMPT such a play in a long-run theater is a much more hazardous undertaking, both pecuniarily and artistically, than it will be in a repertory house, where organization and company are already at hand and do not have to be instituted anew for every fresh piece. Plays of this type too often need time to search out, as it were, their own special audiences—audiences not to be gathered at short notice, snatched out of the street, so to speak—and such time will be afforded by the spaced productions of the repertory system. Experience on the Continent has proved that plays which at first are only moderately successful may be nursed by means of a single performance a week into ultimate popularity.

In a similar way the system provides opportunity for the production, side by side with popular and modern plays, of the classic dramas, which it is both the duty and privilege of such a theater to keep alive. Fortunately the works of Shakespeare constitute the great majority of the classics of our English stage; and not only do his plays, properly performed, no longer "spell ruin," but many of them still vie in drawing power with the most successful contemporary pieces. One-third of The New Theatre's annual productions will be devoted to these classics, but (as illustrating the adaptability of the repertory system to popular demand) the number of actual performances given to these classic pieces may be just as many or just as few as the theater's clientele demands.

In other words, plays given under this system may be likened to a series of wedges; and each will occupy as many of the theater's annual quota of performances as the force of its popularity enables it to command. The system, therefore, affords the financial advantages of the long run without its artistic disadvantages.

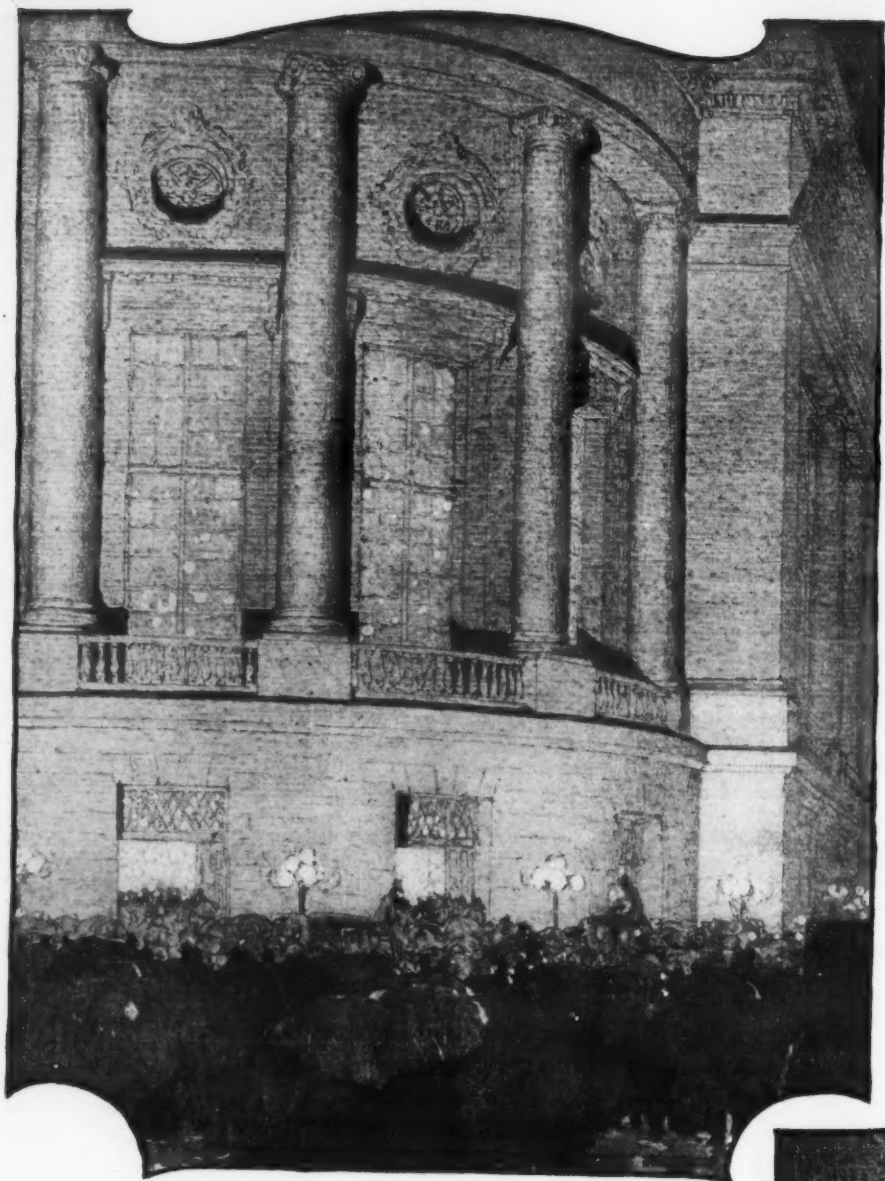
The company of such a theater requires obviously to be of the type of the admirable companies of the era of Lester Wallack, A. M. Palmer, and Augustin Daly. It must have not one but several actors of what are now described as of stellar magnitude; and these must add to the appeal of a sympathetic personality a high degree of artistic versatility. It must have also a complement of actors capable of presenting subordinate characters in such a way as to develop the harmony and symmetry of each play as a whole. In every production the company must act as an ensemble.

But the ideal of The New Theatre is more inclusive than that of our elder stock companies. Playing under the repertory system, and aiming to make its repertory broadly representative, the theater must have a considerable number of productions always in readiness. The company, therefore, requires to be larger and more varied in its personnel. To recruit such a company under present conditions is no easy task.

## A Beautiful Playhouse

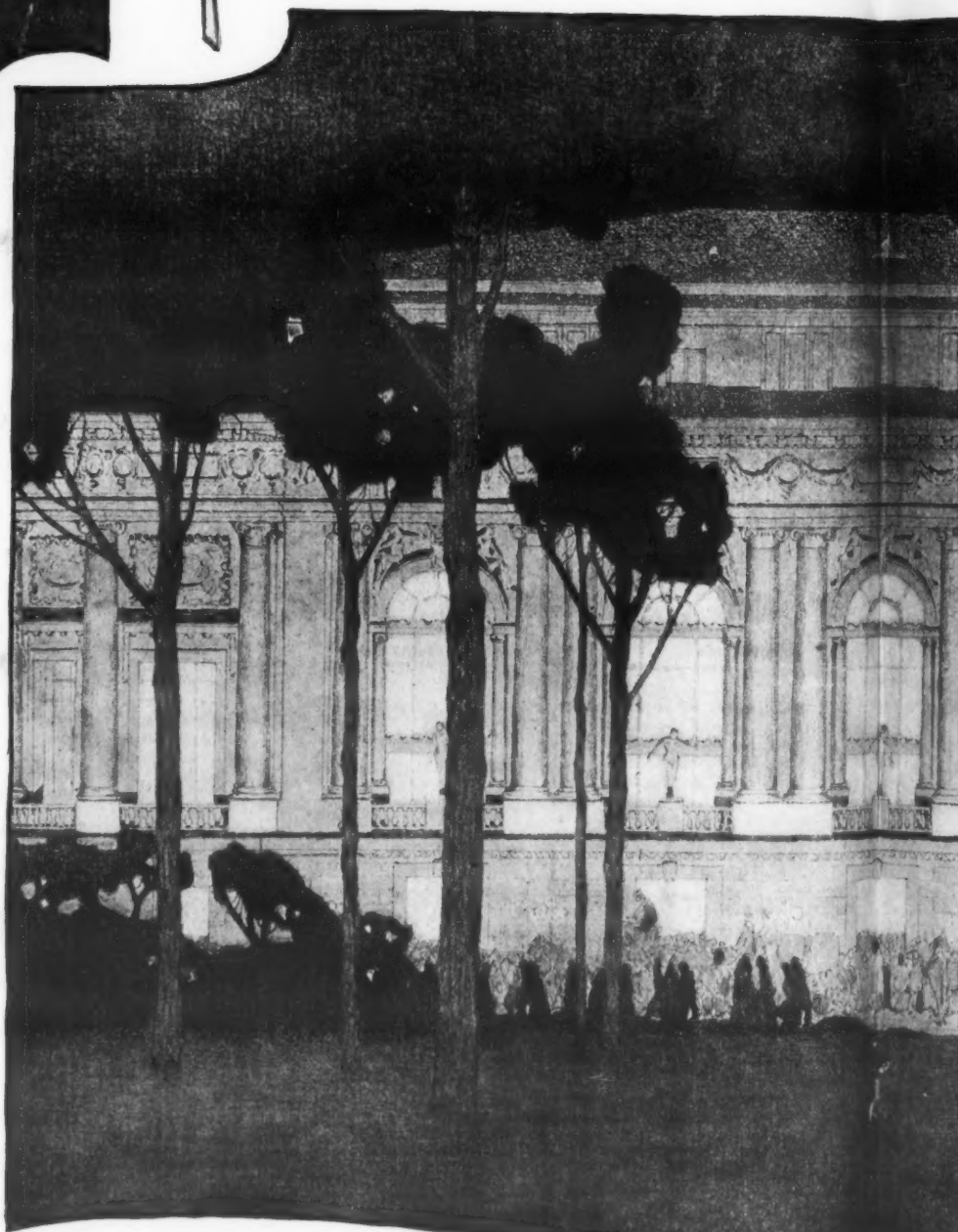
THE physical equipment of the theater is adequate to its task. The stage is one of the largest in America. Although the proscenium opening is of the normal size, 38 feet, the depth of the stage is 68 feet, and its width between the fly galleries 100 feet. The stage is equipped with a *dreh-bühne* or revolving stage, upon which the three or four scenes of a production can be set at once and swung into the proscenium opening on the instant, thus reducing entrance pauses to the minimum. As in modern artistic theaters of the Continent, the *dreh-bühne* is also capable of novel and illusive scenic effects. The New Theatre stage, in short, will be the most perfectly equipped in the English-speaking world.



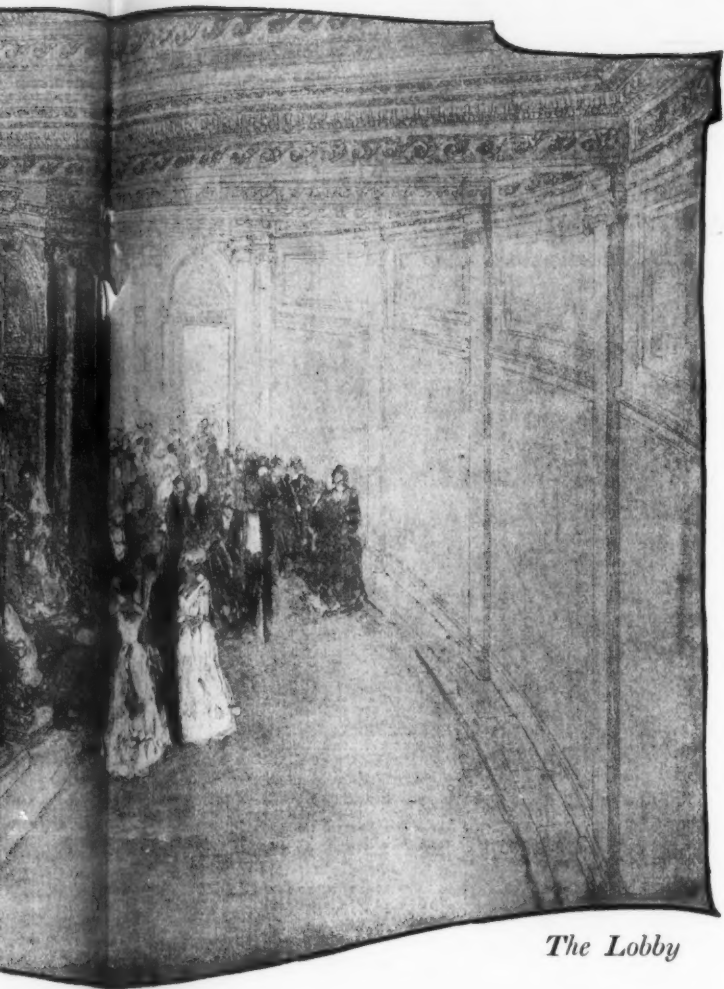


*After the Performance*

# The New Theatre



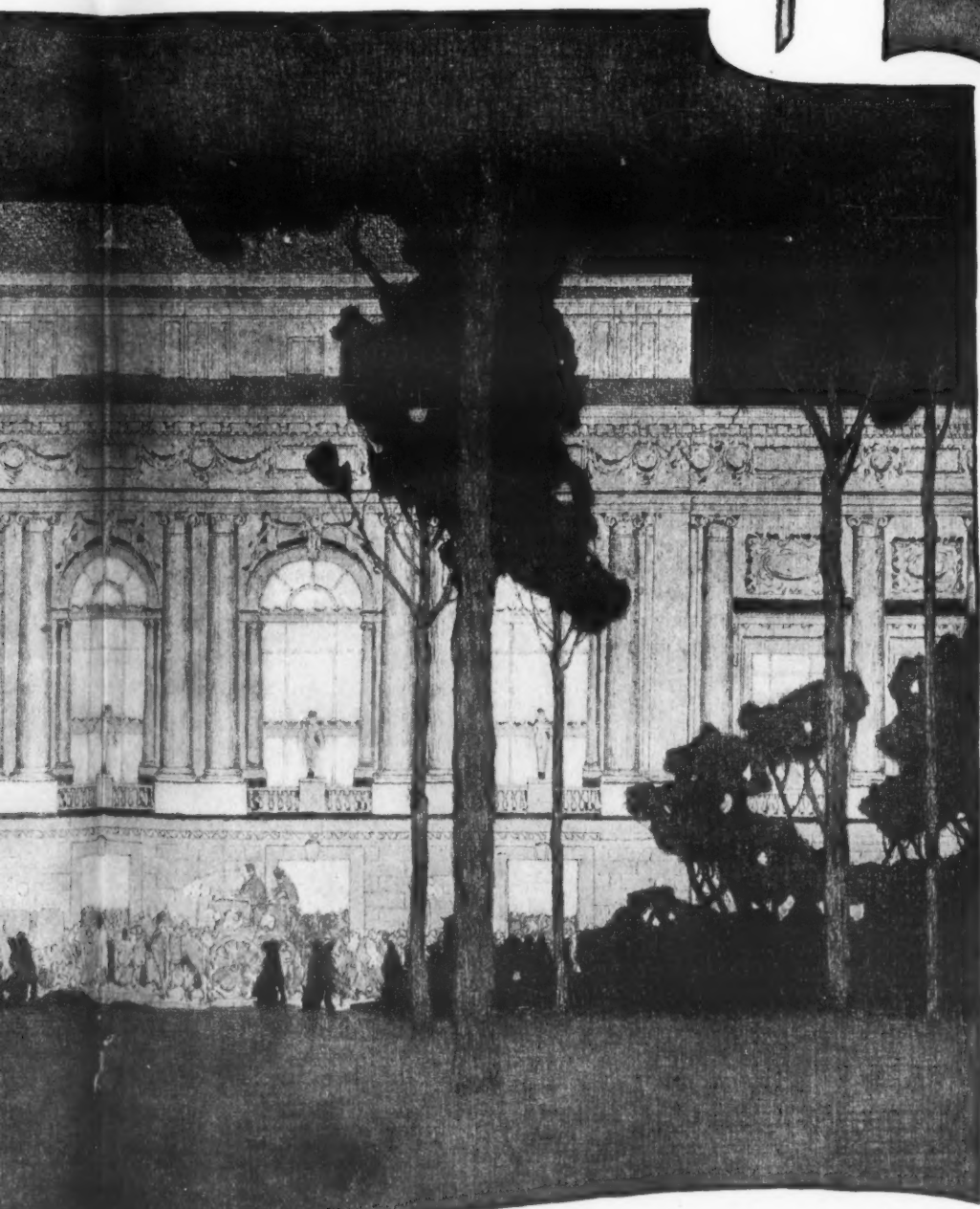




*The Lobby*



*The Main Stairway*



*The Façade, from Central Park*

# *Paintings* *Jules Guérin*





"We—we could a' got \$175 with Barton's 'Broadway Grass Widows'"

**T**HAT'S her now," said a low voice. "Gee, on three thousand bones, fur fourteen shows, she don't dress so awful flossy! But a party told me her bill at her hotel was nine hundred in one week."

In the "reception-room" of Henry Levey, booking agent, whose address is the St. James Building, many performers sat. The speaker was a stout woman, in a stiff white shirt-waist, a plaid skirt, and a large green hat. Her face was fat and red, beneath a tightly waved "front" of blond hair. Beside her sat a red-headed, thin-legged girl of eleven or twelve, dressed in a blue-silk frock.

These two were "Baby Jessamine" and her mother, Mrs. Meyerwitz. Baby Jessamine "worked" for Walling & Co., music publishers. Her job was to insert herself into an upper box, just before a "singing act," who—and "acts" are "who," not "which," in vaudeville—had hired her to appear. When the performer behind the footlights reached the first chorus of a Walling song, Baby Jessamine, with a firm, assured demeanor pushed to the front of the box, and in a nasal treble added her musical effort. Her maternal parent drew the wages of Baby Jessamine, but the latter, although young, frequently raised her voice in business as well as stage life.

She, with the others, watched Marie Lloyd, "England's most celebrated comedienne," stroll into the agent's private office.

"Say, mawr," said Baby Jessamine, "is them real sables on her?"

Mrs. Meyerwitz sighed deeply.

"They are," said she coldly, "an' if you ever want any, you better quit bein' so flip to your old mawr an' to Mista Walling—fur the way money's made in this business is to give the public what they wanta pay fur. An' singin' with people is your forty."

Baby Jessamine twisted her features into a bitter scowl, and stared at the vanishing sables.

"I—am—a—goin' inter vovevel on—my—own, like I tol' you," said she.

Upon a hard wooden settle, three blondes, most unlike in appearance, were wedged. They were the Sisters Allegretti, and they wanted booking for their act. When Baby Jessamine had announced her intention, the three blondes whispered gloomily.

"That's why a good performer can't git a date," said the largest blonde tragically; "school kids an' recruits from the legit, an' everybody with nothin' else to do, goes into the business, an' dancin' people whose folks been doin' soft an' hard shoe bucks fur sixty years, they kin hunt fur a handout."

Other disparaging whispers passed about the room concerning Baby Jessamine, whose blue eyes, unperturbed, gazed toward the door marked "private."

Inside it, Marie Lloyd was chatting gaily. She wasn't there to be booked! The agent only wished that she was. Hers was a friendly call, because he had started out from London to do the best he could, and Marie, hearing that he was doing it rather well, dropped in to say a cheery God-bless-you.

"Now I'm off," said she. "I sye, who's all that lot outside?"

"They want," said the agent, "a thousand dollars for a sixty-dollar turn and the best place on the bill. Nobody wants to open the show, and if the management don't put seven photos of 'em in the lobby and guarantee six bows, they'll cancel. Oh, an agent's life is a lovely game—a lovely game."

"Well, anywe, it's lively," said Marie. "Day-day, old chap. Drop round the theater any show and tell me all your troubles. I've 'ad 'em, too."

"If I started, I'd never quit," said he.

Enviously, vaudeville's proletariat saw England's best leisurely depart. Then an office boy appeared and looked searchingly at the three blondes, who showed excitement as the youth came nearer.

"Mista Levey says fur the Sisters Allegretti to please walk in," said he.

They obeyed, whereat two luscious brunettes and a little man with a red nose—these three were Henry Bingo and the Allison Sisters, acrobats—slid into their places on the settle.

Levey welcomed the ladies kindly, but his friendliness was plainly that of an employer. It was not boisterous.

"Ah, gals," said he, "how'd do? Well, I kin give you Lancaster, 'P. A.' the 23d, an' Pittsburg to foller—then Chicago. There's a week in between, but, comin' back on me unexpected, you're lucky to grab anything. Act wasn't a hit in England, hey?"

# The Vaudevillians

by Helen Green

The Artists  
of the  
School of  
Buck-  
and-Wing

Illustrated by  
HENRY RALEIGH



Miss Virginia Vernon had "headed her own company"



Baby  
Jessamine  
and her  
mother,  
Mrs.  
Meyerwitz

This was cruelty. The Sisters Allegretti, an American dancing team, had gone to London, speeded by the enthusiastic press notices of a morning paper critic who was engaged to wed one of the trio. It was their misfortune to be "closed" after three shows.

Verona Allegretti was buxom and heavy-toned.

"Our act was over the British public's heads," said she, "otherwise we'd been a scream. If you don't load up with a hull bunch of the kinder junk they're ust to no Amuricun turn's got a chanet."

"We could took forty weeks in burlesque," said the youngest Allegretti hurriedly, "but we wouldn't lower our standard. What's the salary fur them dates?"

"Hundred," said the agent briefly.

They exclaimed in one voice:

"Never!"

"We—we could a' got \$175 with Barton's 'Broadway Grass Widows,'" said the heftiest in apparent agitation, "an' refused it."

"Don't never be a mark again," advised Levey.

**T**HE sisters had not agreed on the sum which they should ultimately accept, and this lack of commercial enterprise caused them to exchange distressful signals.

"We—rully we can't exist on less'n a hundred an' fifty," said the youngest.

"Then, as about forty people's waitin', call the deal off," said Levey uninterestedly. "Good day."

The Allegrettis signed at his price. When they came out, the impatient crowd fidgeted hopefully. Three or four arose, and asked the office boy, who strolled into their midst with a bored air, if he was looking for them. The boy replied, briefly, that he wasn't. Suddenly his expression grew lively.

"This way, Mam'zelle Lay Twall," he called, encouragingly. "He's in."

Two young women had entered the waiting-room. And only just entered, too, whereas the rest had been there since the omnipotent youth had begun his duties. But there was a reason. Society has no more rigidly defined strata than vaudeville. The short, stocky woman in a Directoire satin of a bright yellow hue and a black hat ornamented as generously as a Zulu war-bonnet was



Two luscious brunettes and a man with a red nose

"L'Étoile," billed on twelve-sheets pasted on a thousand blank walls as "The somewhat different Salome."

She was "under the personal direction of Samuel G. Guffey," and the confident Guffey, when L'Étoile put on her "original version" of the light-footed daughter of Herodias, had built special scenery at enormous cost, and confided to the gentlemen in charge of vaudeville departments on all the newspapers that the total reached an amount

at least four times as much as what he had actually expended. Guffey said, in excuse to those who knew the facts, that it made a better story that way.

L'Étoile went in. Mrs. Meyerwitz and Baby Jessamine choked with anger.

"If you'll be a good gell, an' sing with Emma Henley at the 125th Street house to-night, it'll be ten sure," said Mrs. Meyerwitz, enticingly. "Better come on away."

"An' her git the credit of havin' a swell act," said Baby Jessamine with a petulant snort. "Nope! I'm goin' to see will Levey book me, single, an' you might's well lemme alone."

It was the revolt of Art. Mrs. Meyerwitz realized it, and ceased to plead.

"I kin git seventy-five a week, anywhere outer N'Yawk, doin' songs an' imitations," said Baby Jessamine, more kindly. "You d'need to wait, mawr."

Mrs. Meyerwitz got up, thoroughly depressed. She left. Baby Jessamine, setting her face to the private office, tarried. She could afford a few hours' discomfort if it led to booking as a regular act.

L'Étoile introduced her companion, as brilliantly complexioned and raimented as herself.

"Anything fur me to-day?" asked the Salomist gaily; then added: "I'm only kiddin'. I'm booked four years solid, here'n in Yurrupe. But Birdie's goin' to bust into the business, an' I want to git her some time."

"What kin she do?" He was eager to oblige a woman of L'Étoile's prestige.

"Between yuh an' me," said she candidly, "Birdie's only beginnin', but she's been dressin' me two years, ever since she got her divorce, an', believe me, kid, she's jerry to where she gits off at. I think she kin make good."

When pressed, Birdie confessed that she could dance "a little." She could sing just as much. Therefore, Birdie ardently yearned for booking as a "Parisian chanteuse." Outside, in the corridors and reception-room, were mediocre concert singers and musical comedy aspirants who had been taught to "sound your a" by famous music teachers of Berlin and Paris. They must curb their feelings and keep on waiting, but Birdie got a job, and before the agent had any real idea of whether or not she could entertain an audience. And why not? She was L'Étoile's sister. In vaudeville, proximity to greatness means prominence for oneself.

L'Étoile and the newly recognized artiste moved majestically from the sanctum. As they left, the dozens of male and female "acts" whom they passed murmured ungluttedly.

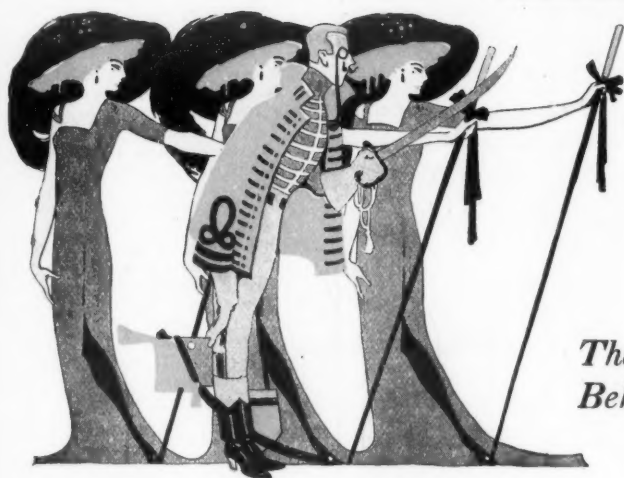
"I knowed Miss Lay Twall when she was playin' twelve shows a day at Inman's, Coney Island, an' married to the pianner-player, an' their little gell was Pansy, the Infant Prodigy," complained one. "Now pipe how she slips us the cold-storage map, jest 'cause she gits in to Levey an' we can't. She ain't no more French than I am!"

At that minute the office boy motioned. He did it

(Continued on page 31)

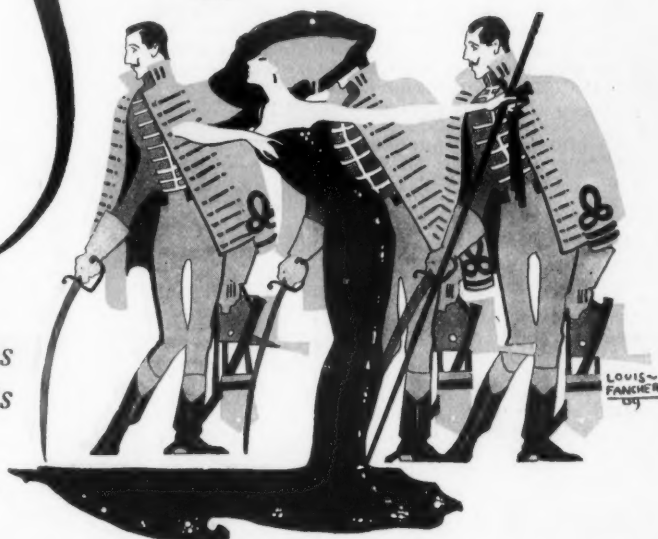


# The Girl and the Stage



*The Truth Which Lies  
Behind the Footlights*

Illustrated by  
LOUIS FANCHER



by  
**Charles Belmont Davis**

**T**HERE are a great many young men and practically an unlimited number of young women scattered over this country who want to go on the stage. This condition was just as prevalent in the days of our fathers as it is to-day, and no doubt will be in the days when the present generation of youths and maidens are grandfathers and grandmothers.

One might just as well try to snuff out this particular flame of ambition as to attempt to stamp out a prairie fire alone and unaided. The writer understands this perfectly, and has no more intention of trying to influence any one to go on the stage or to keep off of it than he has of discussing the snares and temptations which are supposed to be laid for all young women who adopt the profession of the actress. This ground has been covered by the many articles written by press agents and signed by leading actresses who are partial to this particular kind of advertising. Anything I may say is supposed to apply to that class, particularly the feminine portion of it, which does not wish to use the stage as an excuse for a life of lazy ease, but who regard it either as a legitimate means of livelihood or as the best vehicle by which they can expose the unusual talents with which they believe themselves endowed. In a way, this is a first aid to those young ladies who are still groping about in a sincere effort to locate the first rung of the ladder of histrionic fame.

Speaking generally, there are three ways to get before the footlights. One is to seek employment through the dramatic agencies or directly from the producing managers; another is to join one of the stock companies to be found in many of the large cities; and the third is to take a course in a school of acting. There are to-day only about seventy stock companies in the entire United States, the best schools are rather expensive, and as the girl applicant for stage honors has, usually, little money, she turns in nine cases out of ten to the agencies and the managers. The would-be actress must almost of necessity come to New York, as to-day it is the only real theatrical center and practically the engagements for the entire country are made there. As I have said before, she is generally poor, and, in addition to this, she is ordinarily not especially intelligent. If she has real beauty and a good figure and applies at the proper season, she can very often get a position in the chorus of a comic opera company which will pay her from eighteen to twenty-five dollars a week. A girl who, in addition to beauty, has a good voice and can dance a little should have no difficulty at all in getting such a position. But it is a very different matter for the applicant who has not beauty, however well she can sing or dance. The chances are that if she is without strong backing, she will spend her days in the dusty waiting-room of the managers and the agents and her nights in the hall-bedroom of an actors' boarding-house until her little stock of money is gone. After all, why should a manager engage a girl without experience for a part in the legitimate drama, or a girl without beauty for a position in a chorus where beauty is the chief asset?

#### Beauty Must be Backed by Knowledge

**I**F A girl is opposed to beginning her stage career in a musical comedy and will accept a position only in a legitimate company, then her task is still more difficult. Beauty and natural ease will prove a distinct value, but they must be backed by the knowledge of how to read lines intelligently and how to "get the lines over the footlights." Girls are occasionally employed as "extras," and receive from five to eight dollars a week to walk about the stage in a mob or a ball-room scene. It is doubtful if this often leads to any permanent employment and has little value beyond giving a certain ease in movement. The instances of women who obtain good

positions through the payment of money to a producing manager, either directly or by taking a certain amount of stock in the company, are authentic, but so few that they can be eliminated as a serious factor. In addition, the woman, in such cases, has usually had some training and experience, and the insult to the theater-going public is due to the fact that she is cast for a part to which she is wholly unfitted and which could be infinitely better played by numberless unemployed actresses. A letter of introduction from a friend of the manager at least saves the applicant a long wait in the outer office, and very often is the means of getting a girl her first position, although in all probability a very lowly one. Personally, I am as much pleased at having obtained many positions on the stage for young women as I am regretful that not one of them has ever attained any success whatever. The most promising of them all, a girl of several years' experience in musical comedy, was given, on my recommendation, a fairly good part in a play for which she received thirty-five dollars a week. During a revival of an old comedy by the same company, my protégé happened to be alone with the star on the stage at the end of an act and was therefore allowed to appear before the curtain. It may have been pride over this incident, but for one reason or another she went abroad, returned after most of the companies were formed, and refused to take the positions offered her, which were slightly worse than the one she had held the season previous. She is now working on stenography. This was my most successful protégé. On what became of the others I hate to dwell. I mention this particular case because it is typical of many where petty vanity and an indescribable indifference, which the very air of the theater seems to breed, have been the ruin of a promising career.

#### A Type That is Rare

**T**HERE are a few young women who, when they have finally secured an engagement to do "extra" work, or a small part, devote their hours of leisure—and the hours of leisure are many in this profession—to hard work, that they may be prepared for the opportunity when it comes. These few young women study by day and are ever alert to the new productions that are being made, and in which they may find a part that will be considered an advance. But this type is very rare: the girl who accepts "extra" work usually becomes promptly convinced that there is little future for her and is the first to believe the kind of gossip which insists that only the friends of the management will get the good parts; the girl who goes into musical comedy until she can get a chance in the legitimate drama, usually remains in the chorus because she makes no real effort to get out of it. A few of these girls have gained worthy positions, a very few have become stars in the legitimate field or in musical comedy, but for the most part they do not care for the work in hand and they do little or nothing to stimulate themselves to keep alive the ambition they once had for success. They live unhealthy lives in cheap, stuffy boarding-houses, sleep the better part of the day, and divide the rest of it between a poor class of novels, and, by way of exercise, take a stroll along a crowded street. The woman who works all day as a teacher or a stenographer or in a store comes home legitimately tired and with a well-earned appetite enjoys her dinner and is ready for an evening of legitimate pleasure. The largest type of the would-be actress, with the ever-increasing belief that there is nothing ahead of her and in most cases no solid foundation of education or training back of her, degenerates mentally and physically and sometimes morally. She goes to the theaters occasionally to see other people act and invariably raves over the leading woman, especially if the leading woman happens to be an emotional actress. For perhaps a few hours, the power of this real actress, the sway over her audience, the applause which rewards her efforts, rekindles the dying ambition of the be-

ginner. That night the girl once more lays out an arduous course of study, but the next day she sleeps late and finishes reading her useless novel. It is no better on the road—it is, indeed, more difficult for her; the chorus or "small part" girl must spend numberless hours in travel, live in cheap boarding-houses and cheaper hotels, and with none of the advantages and the conveniences for study that a city like New York provides at so small an expense. Of no class of working woman do I know such "drifters" as these, and yet it is difficult to understand how it could be otherwise in this calling, wherein the life and tradition of the gipsy still runs strong in every vein and artery. It is a profession, overcrowded, poor in opportunity and pregnant with disappointment—a battle in which the victory often goes to the pretty face and what Mr. Barrie has termed "that damned charm" rather than to unending effort and superlative knowledge of technique. There is not very much that is stimulating in the lives of this little clannish world of the stage, and yet there is no work that requires more mental stimulus than that necessary to produce actors who can adequately interpret the great thoughts of great playwrights. The girl who refuses to be drawn into this sluggish stream of indifference, who overcomes the obstacles which are so constantly thrown across her path, who can rise superior to the soggy sordidness of the life and who can keep her mind attuned to the great artistic possibilities of this profession is to be praised indeed. It is difficult to digest Ibsen at a railroad lunch-counter or appreciate the nuances of Maeterlinck while living in a suit-case, and yet the successful women stars to-day have, in most instances, served just such an apprenticeship. Through years of tawdriness and poverty they have worked and studied and kept their eyes always on a horizon far beyond their immediate surroundings.

If a girl obtains a position in a second or third-class road company, she at least has regular employment, but she plays the same part for a season, sometimes as many as five seasons, and has usually little to learn from her fellow workers; if the company is of the better sort, her physical comforts are greater, but her opportunities of learning the art of acting are not greatly increased. The play is originally rehearsed in New York by a more or less competent stage-manager and the girl is drilled in her own part and has the advantage of hearing the stage-manager's instructions to the others. The day after the first night, the producing stage-manager leaves, usually never to return, and the assistant stage-manager takes charge. This official is generally really little more than a property man and would not consider making a suggestion to one of the company. The training of the young actress is therefore at an end for at least a year. The indifference of the better class of actors to their work is just as conspicuous as it is in the case of those in the cheaper companies. They work on their own parts and learn their cues, but few of them have any interest in the rest of the play or the scenes of their fellow workers. Many of them go through a season with the vaguest notion of what the play is about, and there is an authentic case of a star who acted continuously for four seasons in the same play, and because he did not come on until the second act never saw the first act played. To this general rule there are several brilliant exceptions. For instance, E. H. Sothern not only plays a repertoire and makes several productions every season, both of which are of the greatest advantage to the younger members of the company, but he has a thorough system of understudies and constantly holds rehearsals.

#### The Drawback of a Stock Company

**T**HE advantages of the stock companies of to-day to the beginner are just as evident as are the disadvantages. These companies usually give two performances a day and rehearse the play for the next week every morning; so while the actress has the advantage of playing a great number and variety of parts, she has always the lines of at least two characters in her mind, and

there is no time to give the parts the study and the thought they deserve.

How much a girl may learn from this particular kind of training depends almost entirely on the stage-manager. Occasionally he is a man of intelligence, with a thorough knowledge of the traditions of the stage and the technique of acting, but such stage-managers are rare, and more often he is an actor out of a job. For the summer months, a number of excellent stock companies are formed and trained by the best of stage-managers. To obtain a small position in such a company would, of course, be of invaluable aid to a beginner; but this is almost out of the question, as at this season of the year it is possible to get the best players of experience at a very small salary, and the would-be actress who is willing to work for a low wage has no longer any value. With the stock companies performing twice a day and the regular companies playing the same play from one to three years, it is difficult to know where the new generation of actors are to get their training, and I think that most play-goers will agree with me that this lack is most painfully apparent on the stage of to-day. No country has a more brilliant galaxy of stars than ours, and in no country will we find such inadequate supporting companies. In England almost the very reverse condition exists; there are few really good leading women, but the supporting companies are excellent, and it is still possible to produce Shakespeare and the classics in an intelligent and at least adequate manner. All of which is probably due to such companies as those of Ben Greet and F. R. Benson, the chief mission of which is to train young actors.

#### The Actor's Origin

TO WHAT I have so far said, the aspirant for stage honors may well say: "Then from where do our actors and our actresses come? They must come from some place, because they exist in thousands." So far as I know, they come from as many and as unexpected sources as the streams that trickle from the mountains from Maine to Texas. The one great source is, of course, the stage itself. Look for a moment at the names of the most conspicuous of our actresses—Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, Annie Russell, Viola Allen, Ethel Barrymore—all were either born in the theatrical profession or were brought up in its environment. There is no way of getting at the statistics in the case, but, could it be done, I do not doubt that we would find that a majority of the women if not the men on the stage came from actor stock. I think that we should find that most of them were not only born in the profession, but were usually carried on the stage before they could walk; that their nursery was a hall-bedroom in an actors' boarding-house by day and a property-room by night; that the first odor they can recall is the smell of grease paint, and that their earliest love was the man who worked the "spot light" which would give them prominence over all their fellow players.

The women I have already mentioned are those who, through hard work and endless study to which nature had added some of its priceless gifts, have gained fame and fortune; but there are hundreds of other women, born of theatrical stock, who have gained neither fame nor fortune, but, having chosen to follow in the footsteps of their own people, have won positions of real responsibility. These daughters of the stage have, as a rule, been well mothered, well nurtured in the best traditions of the drama, and afterward instructed in the technique of acting learned by their parents in the oldest of all schools—experience. From their birth they have lived in the mimic world, and they are as familiar with its tricks and traditions as most children are with the alphabet. Sometimes a star is born among them, but more often they plod along, doing good honest work, happy in their home lives, and earning more money, although perhaps at a greater cost to their personal comforts than any other class of women who work for a living. Although unknown to the public, the actress of this class is extremely well known to the managers. The hope of stardom dies more slowly in this class of actress than it does with the men of the stage, but in time even this gives way to content in work well done, a fixed wage and a position of respect among her own people and the rest of the big world outside with which she comes in contact.

It is hardly fair, however, to look to the married player folk to keep the stage supplied with actors, and with the stock companies performing twice a day and the regular companies playing the same play from one to three years, it is difficult, as I have said before, to know where the new generation of actors are to get their training. If the present system of stars continues to

exist here, as present indications seem to indicate that it will exist, then our hope seems to be in the direction of the dramatic schools—not perhaps the schools as they exist to-day, but subsidized schools carried out in a big way under the guidance of those who have the real love of the drama at heart.

It was several years ago that I had my first experience with such an institution of learning. On a warm afternoon in May, I went to the Empire Theatre to see a play which I had read and admired, but had never seen acted. It was to be performed by the students of a dramatic school. In a few moments after the curtain went up, I found myself entirely engrossed, not by the play, but in the work of the young woman who played the principal part. She not only had natural beauty, intelligence, temperament, and unusual poise, but it seemed to me that she had the instincts which are necessary to the great artist.



The tall young lady with the red hair and the soulful eyes

When I left the theater, I found three managers basking in the sunshine of Broadway. "There is a young woman in the theater there," I said to the group, "who will some day be a great actress. Why don't one of you go in and engage her now?"

But the youngest of the trio, and he who was considered the most astute, shook his head and laughed. "I want to engage my actors," he said, "when they are ready-made successes."

#### Schools of Acting

THAT, I fear, for a long time was the attitude of most of the managers toward the student of the dramatic schools. But, so far as I can learn, this feeling has been greatly modified and the average manager will now admit that the graduate of a good school is, at least, more flexible for the stage director to handle than the raw material. As a matter of fact, the best pupils are often engaged to fill responsible positions immediately following their graduation. I have heard a number of people say that the best argument against the schools was the small number of stars they have produced. But this to me does not seem altogether fair, because the star actor, whether man or woman, must have unusual personality or the inspiration which must be innate and is commonly known as genius. The genius of the stage may not have gone to a dramatic school, just as the great lawyer or the great diplomat may not have gone to college, but that does not prove that he would not have been a greater lawyer or a greater diplomat if he had been a college man. If there is a use for the dramatic school, it seems to me that rather than to make stars it is to supply the

men and women necessary to fill the many parts, and fill them with intelligence. I recently spent some time in the class-rooms of a dramatic school in New York, and I am convinced that such institutions are at least one of the important, if not absolutely necessary, sources from which our theater must look for its much-needed uplift.

Under existing conditions, one of the greatest arguments against the dramatic school is the expense. The girl who is doing "extra" work, or is working in a chorus to fit herself for the more serious effort, is paying her living expenses, or at least a part of them, from her earnings. At a school she is not only not earning anything, but is paying for her tuition, which, in the case of the principal—and at present practically the only school in New York—is four hundred dollars a year or eight hundred dollars for the full course of two terms. Compared to other schools, this is a large fee; but it must be remembered that it is a private institution, without financial endowment of any kind.

The impressions I gathered in the few hours I spent in the school were many, and they began with the girl who went up in the elevator with me on my first visit. As a result of a hasty glance, she impressed me as a rather large girl, with very blond hair, and she wore a simple loose black dress with a short skirt. So far as my glance could tell me, she was a fairly pretty girl without any particular visible blemish or flaw. After I had watched the same young woman in numerous classes, had seen her gesticulate, fence, dance, recite, roll over, take marvelously long breaths, make-up, play comic bits and heavy emotional scenes, there seemed to be a great deal that was wrong about her—that is, wrong for an applicant for stage honors. In fact, for the first time in my life, I began to really appreciate anatomy and how different every one was from every one else, and in what unequal portions had the natural gifts been distributed. As my first day at the academy drew to a close, I found myself no longer regarding the students as humans, but one now appealed to me only as being too fat to wear the girl's robes of Juliet or another entirely too thin to ever hope to don the tights of Rosalind; I was really sorry that the small youth with the beak nose must devote his life to low comedy or character work, and that the tall young lady with the red hair and the soulful eyes could never by any possibility make an audience laugh, and had been doomed, at her very birth, to the tearless heroines of Ibsen and Pinero.

#### The Rehearsals

ONE of the functions of the dramatic school is to overcome the blemishes with which the student is born or has acquired in youth, and, in fact, reconstruct him or her just as far as nature will permit. Indeed, the policy of the dramatic school seems wholly opposed to the biblical question: "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubic unto his stature?" for I saw slight, undersized boys playing Falstaff and plump, jolly girls, who it seemed as if very Nature herself had cast for black silk-stockinged soubrettes, making the most superhuman efforts to depict the most tragic moods of the tragic Mrs. Tanqueray. It is one of the rules in this academy that every student, at least in the first year of the course, must play every kind of part. The second term is largely devoted to training them in those parts to which nature and temperament have fitted them and which they will naturally assume in their professional career. But that which impressed me most about the method of teaching was the constant effort to make the students think for themselves and to reason out just why a line should be read in a certain way, or just why it was better, at a certain point in the play, to cross the stage or sit down or get up or to remain motionless. I think the greatest surprise to the layman who first attends a rehearsal of a play in which, supposedly, first-class actors are engaged, is how very little is left to their imagination and how entirely the pronunciation of every word and the smallest movement depends on the stage-manager.

A star is exempt from this rule, so far as the reading of lines is concerned, although the stage-manager directs all "crosses" and important movements; but the other actors are little better than puppets. A play, as we see it on the stage, if we eliminate the inevitable personality of the actor, is really the reflection of one man's mind instead of, as it should be, that of as many characters as there are in the play. But, as I said before, it is one of the aims of the school to teach the actors to think for themselves and to read the lines with intelligence and understanding, and to make them understand, not what the lines mean, but the motive of the entire play. All of this, it seems to me, must inevitably tend, not only to broaden the intelligence of any player, but to create a

(Continued on page 26)





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The sculptured group at Berne, Switzerland, commemorating the work of the Universal Postal Union, which in 1907, with a representation from all of the civilized nations, effected an improvement of the postal conditions of the world. Its work is regarded by many as of greater importance than that of the Hague Peace Conference. Five cents an ounce was made an international rate on first-class mail and the return payment coupon for letters was instituted.



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## The Marionette

(Continued from page 16)

ing woman, pouring their emotions into the little men and women, are artists in the true line of all the suffering creating ones who have tried to give us pleasure. One wonders if there is a pang that any of our noblest have endured that these two, living in obscurity, have not known—the scorn of the successful street merchant, the unappreciation of all the finer elements of word and tone breathed into the puppets in some happy hour, the antagonism of those who do not care to understand.

In 107th Street, a year ago, a crowd of hoodlums wrecked their scenery, stole their favorite Marionettes, who had become their very children in the love and creative emotion that had built them from raw materials, and raised them into characters. The damage done was \$2,000 worth, and Lo Cascio was ruined. In early youth he had been a stone-cutter, but he cared for no other work than this. His friends, none of them rich men, lent him the money to start again. So he moved up to 111th Street, and began the patient carpenter work in the shop over the theater-room, and made again the characters, much as Carlyle rewrote the French Revolution that the maidservant burned. There is no bitterness in the man. In telling the episode which has been the severest experience in his life, he said:

"I don't want to speak one harsh word of those young men. They didn't know what they were doing."

### One More Puppet Show

WE HAVE been attending scenes of strife and noise. In Holy Week the gentle story of Christ's Passion is enacted. All is reverent, even where some of the details are crude.

Only one other puppet show is left in all New York. To reach it you grope through the dark hall of a tenement at 418 East Eleventh Street, and stumble out into a rear open court, and then climb a flight of open-air stairs into a yellow brick building about the size of an out-house. It is like an initiation to reach that tiny theater-room from the thronged and noisy street in the heart of the East Side.

At the Eleventh Street show there sat in the row of the well-to-do a party of five smartly dressed, clever Americanized Italians of the second generation. All the imagination had been flattened out of them. Fluent ridicule was the only reaction of which they were capable. They did not, of course, realize that their attitude toward the "machine Gesticulantes" showed less intelligence than that of the fruit-vendors at the rear.

The imaginative peddlers and push-cart men saw on high before them their own ancestors in a mortal combat to decide the future of their very own fatherland. The issues of that strife were decisive on their own nativity. How friendly and heartening to have the "drolls" and "motions" lend out a representation of what their grandmother and nurse had told them in cradle-gossip. And also they were seeing the grand air and manner, the ampler gestures in which their own youth had been nourished and that of their family line back for an aeon or so. An atmosphere of courtesy and gallantry and tenderness was here graciously diffused that was too often absent in the daily bickerings with police and general public in East Side streets. This was the way life ought to be conducted, with a bit of a gesture and good-fellowship.

### The Grand Air

HOW pleasant and grand it would be if an officer of the law saluted you as Chalemagne up yonder in the gay scenery salutes his meanest henchman and most battered common soldier of the line—saluted you and gave you courteous talk and a chance for your life instead of prodding you with a club and cursing you into another street, while the American gentlemen laugh at his native wit and at the sorry figure you make as you scamper away, you and all-your-worldly-goods-on-wheels.

Those puppets are enacting no dim, far-off forgotten things, but the well-known history of the land from which the audience is sprung. Sicily still responds to a stage-hint of menace from the embattled Moor. The inhabitants have been reared on folk-lore and child-legends of the Pagan invasion. And an ancient nerve of terror is stirred in the audience, as a once-invaded country never forgets the experience. The puppets adapt themselves to the twilight history of their own section of the country. In many places in Italy there is the remnant of an anti-Austrian feeling, so Austrian

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The Sargent Cigar is exactly the kind you want—the kind that will suit your taste. We know this; but because we cannot prove it to you in any other way, we make you the above trial offer.

We want you to try Sargent Cigars. If you do, you'll come back for more. That's the only reason we can afford to make such an introductory offer at our own risk.

We can sell them at this low price because we sell direct to the smoker, cutting out rent and salesmen's expense. There you have the whole secret.

Cigars by the box are much more economical than cigars purchased two or three at a time, provided you can find a brand you will enjoy smoking, and have a satisfactory means of preserving them.

### Sargent Cigar Chest Free

The Sargent Patent Cigar Chest is a perfect little cigar store in itself. It is made of oak, mission finish, glass-lined and sanitary. No pads or sponges to bother with, the moisture being supplied by a new process. With a Sargent Cigar Chest you never lose money on dried-out cigars. The Chest will be sent you with your first order and is your property even if you never buy another cigar of us.

### Our "Money Back" Guarantee

If cigars and chest are not up to your expectations, send them back at our expense and we will refund your money without question.

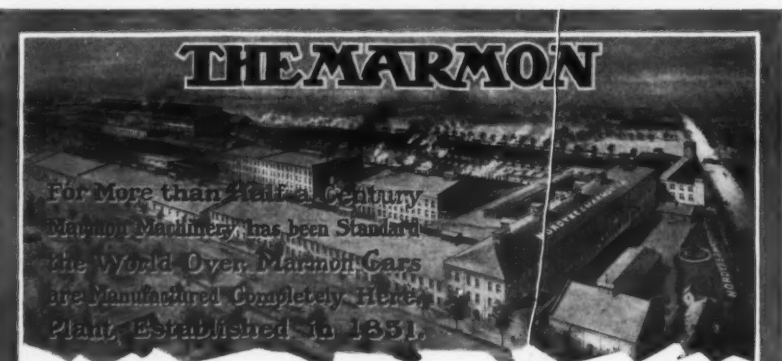
Send us \$3.50 and we will ship you 50 Sargent Perfectos and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 cigars, price \$7.00, we will prepay express charges on Cigars and Chest anywhere in the United States. Subsequent orders for cigars filled at \$7.00 for 100; \$3.50 for 50.

For \$2.00 extra we will send a mahogany chest instead of oak; or for \$3.00 extra, one of Circassian Walnut.

REFERENCES: Pequot National Bank, First Bridgeport National Bank, or City National Bank, all of Bridgeport.

SARGENT CIGAR CO., 538 Water St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Larger Cigar Chests for Hotels, Clubs, etc. Send for Catalogue



## The Safe Choice

THE MARMON "Thirty-two" is carefully manufactured, not merely assembled. The stability of its construction, its quiet efficiency, superior comfort and great durability are known quantities.

The stability of its makers is important, too, because a motor car has a future as well as a present.

The design, the materials, the workmanship and the equipment of the "Thirty-two" will interest anyone who knows what a really high-grade car should embody.

The Marmon record—public and private—has invariably been consistent.

Decidedly, the safe choice for any perplexed buyer.

Option of Touring Car, Suburban (here illustrated) or Roadster.



"The Easiest Riding Car in the World"  
NORDYKE & MARMON CO.  
INDIANAPOLIS Estab. 1851 INDIANA

### Outline of Specifications

Motor—Four cylinders, 4½x5; 32-40 H. P., water cooled, with Mercedes Type honey-comb radiator.

Ignition—Imported Bosch H. T. Magneto and battery, dual system.

Lubrication—Marmon system of automatic force feed, requiring no adjustment nor attention.

Drive—Straight line shaft. Selective transmission and floating rear axle one compact unit. Large durable brakes, easy adjustment.

Materials—Absolutely the best of everything, including genuine Krupp, Vanadium and Chrome Nickel steels. Imported Hess - Bright Bearings. Schwarz wheels.

Tires—34x4, Q. D. Marsh rims.

Wheel Base—116 inches.

Weight—(Touring Car)—2,300 lbs.

Bodies—All metal, cast aluminum base with cast aluminum doors and door frames.

Equipment—Complete and highest grade.

Price Complete, \$2650





## FOUR INTERESTING LETTERS

### From PEARY

NEW YORK, June 19th, 1908.

Dear Sir:—In regard to the watches . . . . . furnished me by the Waltham Watch Co. three years ago, the behavior of the meantime watches was particularly excellent.

Watches carried by men in charge of different parties on the sledge journeys over the sea ice ran for weeks without any considerable variation from each other. This feature was a very distinct comfort to me in making me feel sure of my observations when the drift of the ice had carried me far away from all dead reckonings.

Most of these watches are now on Eagle Island, Maine, where I am going the end of this week. I will endeavor to get them on to you as soon as possible. . . . . Very sincerely,

(Signed) R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.

Mr. James W. Appleton.

### From WELLMAN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27th, 1899.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.

Gentlemen:—The nine watches made by you, which were carried in the Wellman Polar Expedition, proved entirely satisfactory. Two of these were injured slightly by the Norwegian sailors in the early winter. The remaining seven were used by me in ascertaining time and also positions of latitude and longitude. Position of stars computed by the aid of these watches could be depended upon to the accuracy of a second. Positions of longitude ascertained by Julius Payer twenty-five years previously were verified.

Extreme cold affected the movements but slightly, and in no way injured them. After returning to Norway but slight discrepancies were found upon comparing with Greenwich time.

In my judgment these movements are thoroughly reliable for any use and in any climate, being thoroughly compensated. Yours truly,

(Signed) QUIROF HARLAN,  
Physicist to Wellman Polar Expedition.

### From the Shackleton Relief Expedition BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1907

S. Y. "Nimrod."

LYTTELTON, 27th March, 1909.

MESSRS. R. W. CAMERON & Co., Wellington.

Sir:—Herewith I forward to you, per Purser 'S. S. "Maori", the seven Waltham watches so generously loaned to my officers and self by your Company for our use in the Antarctic.

Two of them unfortunately have been damaged. One of them by an accident down a crevasse, and the other during a sledge journey.

My officers and I found the watches reliable under all conditions. After a time we gained so much confidence in their rates that we had no hesitation in trusting to them when taking observations which required time-readings to seconds.

On their behalf and my own I beg you will convey to your Company my thanks for the use of the watches. I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

(Signed) FRED P. EVANS, Lieut. R. N. R.,  
Officer Commanding.

### From LEFFINGWELL

The Quadrangle Club, CHICAGO, Dec. 8th, '08.

MR. E. A. MARSH, Waltham Watch Company.

Dear Sir:—About three years ago your Company loaned me four of your watches for use on the Anglo-American Polar Expedition. I received them from Robins, etc., here, and yesterday I returned three of them to the same people. . . . . I wrote to you from the North last summer telling of the remarkable performance of these watches and my private Waltham, during a two months' sled trip over the ice. They were compared with each other and chronometer corrected by observation nearly every day for a year and rates assigned for the ice trip. Daily comparisons were made among the watches on the trip, also, and with the chronometer after our return. The field rates were found to be practically the same as those assigned from the rates during the several months previous to the field trip. If it were not that all three watches came out the same, I should say that the obscure field rates were accidentally close to the calculated rates. The performance of your watches is emphasized by the fact that Capt. Mikkelsen had a hand-made pocket chronometer made to order in London at a cost of \$250.00. On this trip this expensive time-piece varied so greatly from the mean of the other watches that it had to be disregarded after the first week. The rates of your watches were changed but a fraction of a second, while the Captain's watch increased 35 seconds in its daily rate.

I took the greatest care in getting the best possible performance from the watches. I wore two myself and insisted that others took good care of theirs. The watches were worn night and day next to the skin and every precaution taken to keep their temperature constant. . . . .

Thank you very much for your kindness to us in loaning the watches. Yours, etc.,

(Signed) E. DE K. LEFFINGWELL.

**N. B.—In buying a Waltham Watch always ask your jeweler for one adjusted to temperature and position**

TRY  
ONE  
FREE



Get one from a dealer. Try it for ten days. If it doesn't meet every expectation for cleanliness and service, take it back.

Geo. S. Parker.

## PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

Here at the right you see the ink feed of the Parker. It is curved, not straight as in other fountain pens. Straight ink feeds hold ink after the pen is returned to your pocket, until air expanded in the reservoir by the heat of your body forces it out into the cap. That's why ordinary fountain pens are uncleanly: why you see a man wiping off the barrel before using one; why he often inks his linen and fingers when he removes the cap to write.

But the curved ink feed of the Parker—the Lucky Curve—is self-draining. It clears itself of ink, giving free passage to expanding air.

So the Parker is **cleanly** to the perfect degree desired, but not realized in any fountain pen except the Lucky Curve Parker.

Whatever your work, there's a Parker designed to do it, a point and barrel to suit your needs and preferences.

\$1.50 up. Standard, Self Filling or Safety which can be carried in hand-bag or pocket, any position, without leaking.

Get one from a dealer today for 10 days' Free Trial. If you can't find a dealer, write me giving the name of your stationer, druggist or jeweler and I will arrange for you to select from an extensive assortment. Beautiful catalog free. See a dealer or write me today.

Dealers write for details of my special 1909 Proposition to first 1500 new dealers. Easy opportunity to get beautiful show case free.

**Parker Pen Company**  
Geo. S. Parker, Pres.  
98 MILL STREET  
Janesville, Wis.

Marionettes fall in squadrons before the advance of the Milanese and Neapolitan heroes.

The puppets have the easy democracy of virile things. In market-places, under the sun, they enact their welcome story, and collect toll in a slouch hat from an audience full of good-will at a penny a person. Throughout Italy, they travel—a fortnight to a city. In all ages, theirs has been the right of free speech. When Church and State had sinned, then Punchinello spoke what was in the mind of the mob. The little dancing fellow could lash out against potentate and dignitary, where the private person must keep a pensive silence.

"Polichenelle never dies. He is the good common sense of the people, the alert sally, the unrestrained laugh. Yes, Polichenelle laughs, sings, weeps, as long as there is a world of vice, folly, and sin. He is immortal."

Moving pictures have driven out the Marionettes of New York. The nicolodeon world is the same mad world as that of the Sunday comic supplement. There is the hot speed, phantasmagoria, lightning change of incident, blur, and frenzy of color. From those twinkling, overheated scenes of accident, seduction, and sudden death, it is gracious to turn to the cool, orderly ways of the Carolingian manikins, with their unfailing dignity, even under the drums and trampling of massacre, the repose of manner as of haughty generations ennobling the blood.

### A Vanishing Race

THE other puppet-men of New York, one by one, have silently packed their wares and stolen away. Exiled by moving pictures and the Americanization of emotion, Signor Mariano, who for long ran a puppet show in Spring Street, has found a refuge for his art in an Italian colony of California. He, too, grew to love his puppets. A friend of his, Maiori, the romantic Shakespearian actor, has told me how Mariano, after the entertainment was over, would pat Rinaldo on the head, and touch the glowing cheek of the lovely Lady Aldabella and say: "Why don't you speak to me? Can't you talk to me, you little one?"

And with a quaint touch of sentiment, half-fanciful and half-jesting, he would say: "When I die, on the day when I lie in my coffin in the room, I would like you to group about me the best of the Marionettes, the most splendid of the warriors, and the ladies whom I made the most beautiful. It would be pleasant to be surrounded by personages so fine."

Behind the puppets lies history for three thousand years. They join wooden-and-lead hands clear back to Thebes and most ancient Egypt. They have been gesticulating through rising and fading dynasties. There is scarcely a tongue or language where their voice has not been heard. And now, lamentably driven out by the itch for speed and newsy novelties, they take any tiny corner of a foreign colony that is left to them, and pick up the broken threads of their brief life till Modernism hunts them down.

\* \* \*

### The Girl and the Stage

(Continued from page 22)

stimulus for the work in hand, which, in many cases, is now so sadly lacking.

The first lesson I attended was a class for girls, and the subject was the voice. Perhaps a dozen young women sat in a semicircle, and each in turn was called to the center of the room to read a line. These young women were perhaps from seventeen to thirty years of age and of every height, weight, and coloring, and although it may have been so long now since I have been in a class-room that I have forgotten the spirit of the student, I know that these particular searchers after knowledge were most eager in manner and most caustic in their criticism of the efforts of their fellow workers. After I arrived, each young lady was requested to recite the one line, "Come live with me and be my love," and she was supposed to read it in a manner that would take full advantage of all the vocal organs with which she had been born. "Come live with me and be my love," is perhaps not a very remarkable line, but, after all, it is a pretty serious proposition for a man to make to a girl, or vice versa. Now if there had only been a few introductory lines or some "business" to give one a little warning and preparation for the remark, it would have helped a good deal, but it is really really difficult to appear indifferent in the face of a series of twelve young women—blondes, brunettes, tall, short, broad, thin—each in turn throwing

# The Originator of Stein-Bloch Clothes

Nathan Stein began making clothing when sixteen years old. At sixty he was making better and finer garments than any man in America.

He passed out at eighty, the supreme past master of his craft, yet always a worker, always a learner. He has imitators, but no competitors.

Nathan Stein was the Nestor of the modern clothing business, and a Prophet of the Better Day \* \* \* The garments he made were works of art, thought out and dreamed out \* \* \*

The Stein-Bloch Company is the lengthened shadow of Nathan Stein. He lifted the business of making ready-to-wear clothing out of the realm of the booth and the bazar, and placed it beyond haggle and barter.

He made it a matter of friend supplying friend with exquisite garments at a fair price.

From  
"THE TALE OF TWO TAILORS"  
By Elbert Hubbard.

★ ★ ★

The above quotation furnishes the reason which actuated a great London merchant in offering Stein-Bloch clothes exclusively to his London patrons.

The fall and winter styles are ready at your leading clothier's. Their price is within reach of your pocketbook and your self-respect. Try on these clothes.

The Stein-Bloch booklet, "Smartness," presenting these styles, is mailed on request.

Look for this Label. It means 55 years of Knowing How.



### THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Offices and Shops:  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Tailors for Men

LONDON:  
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.,  
Oxford St., West.

NEW YORK:  
The Fifth Avenue Bldg.



# COOPER'S

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Spring Needle Knit UNDERWEAR

Combines COMFORT WEAR and STYLE

**COMFORT:** It is elastic in every direction. This makes it fit your skin. It yields, but does not stay stretched, for it resumes its shape as soon as the pressure is relaxed. The elasticity lasts as long as the garment, and the fabric is the most durable of any. It is soft, smooth, and non-irritating.

**WEAR:** All points that have to take extra strain are guarded and reinforced by silk bands, as stays. As the fabric stretches at every stress, it can not tear. Each part is as strong as the rest. Washing does it no harm in any of its qualities.

**STYLE:** Perfect fit, finest fabric, high-bred finish give the perfection of style.



is on all our goods — our responsibility goes with it. Our machines are patented in nine nations.

MADE ONLY BY THE  
**Cooper Manufacturing Co.**  
Bennington, Vermont

### PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK

*A Gift that will please everyman.*

PRICE \$1.00

PACKED IN HANDSOME HOLIDAY BOX.

These beautiful garters are made up with ribbed silk webbing and silk pad, with handsome interwoven design in contrasting colors.

No more pleasing remembrance can be offered your gentlemen friends of any age.

Colors: black, blue, white, gray and green. Sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00. State choice of colors.

A. Stein & Co., 504 Center Ave., Chicago

## A nail will do



for the kid who "busts his galluses," but for grown-ups it's much more comfortable to wear

## Atwood Suspenders

They never "bust." Made of strong non-stretch-out elastic fabric, double stitched. Adjustable at five different points to fit perfectly any body. Nothing fancy — just extra good pants holders built on a new principle, at the price of ordinary suspenders.



Sent anywhere, postpaid on receipt of

**50 cents**

Atwood Suspender Company  
Dept. A, Schenectady, N. Y.

We want one live dealer in your town. Who is he?

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

out her arms, rolling her blue or gray or brown eyes, and with all her artistic temperament, backed by good vocal training, remark: "Come live with me and be my love!" And the worst of it was that I was perched on one of those inadequate, spindle-legged chairs, which for some inconceivable reason are always given to distinguished visitors when inspecting class-rooms. It was, I consider, a warm welcome, and it was here that I first learned how very, very serious a question to the actress is the shape in which nature has molded her, and how, notwithstanding any preferences she may have for comedy or tragedy, it is the form that must largely determine her theatrical career. If a short, fat girl with a shiny face, even though her heart is bursting with intense passion, should say, "Come live with me and be my love," she would be comic; if a thin, anemic, homely girl said it, she would of necessity be pathetic; but in the case of a tall, lithe, splendid, tigress-like, red-haired beauty, one is liable to give the remark attention, and is ready, even willing, to be convinced that the lady speaks with sincerity.

### Author-Actors

**L** EAVING the young women still intent on developing their voices, I was taken to a class in dramatic reading, where each word and sentence was put under microscopic analysis as to its exact value and meaning, and from here we went to a larger room, with a little stage at one end, on which many girls were being instructed in action. That which by far interested me the most, in this class, was a part of the lesson which was supposed to excite the creative imagination of the embryo actresses. Several days previous to my visit, the students had been told a very simple but very possible story. It was that a young girl, who had come to New York to seek employment, had failed in her mission, and for some reason had been estranged from her people at home. This was, in a way, the first chapter of the story. The second takes place in her hall-bedroom in the lodging-house where she has been living. Thoroughly discouraged and exhausted by her failure to get work, she returns to her room and goes to the cupboard to look for something to eat. Instead, she finds a bottle of laudanum, which she had previously bought in fear of just such a condition as that in which she now finds herself. She decides to take the poison, but before doing so remembers a package of letters which would disclose her identity, and she thereupon proceeds to burn them. The letters destroyed, the girl once more takes up the bottle of laudanum, but, just as she is about to drink the poison, a message comes from her people in the country begging her to return to them. From this theme each of the students was supposed to construct a short sketch in two scenes, and to interpret it in her own way. The little stage was quite bare save for a few chairs, and these were arranged by each student to represent anything she chose. The first girl who played her sketch for us conceived her heroine as a young woman from the country who had gone to the great city to seek employment on the stage. The first scene represented the outside office of a Broadway manager, and a second girl student played a grouchy stenographer. Discouraged and somewhat tearful, the girl enters the office and tells the stenographer how necessary for her it is to see the manager and get employment, but the stenographer says that the manager is out and is quite sure that there is no chance of an engagement. The girls says that she thinks she will wait, and, sinking to a chair, proceeds to depict the mental suffering of the young woman, until, unable to bear it longer, she flies from the office.

### Creating "Stage-Business"

**T** HE two girls then reversed the parts and acted the scenes as conceived by the girl who had originally played the stenographer. In substance, it was much the same as the first version, but here the stenographer, while outwardly gruff, had a heart of gold, and the girl, instead of presenting a picture of chronic woe, made a splendid effort to be gay, even flippant, and in this way gained a full effect for an emotional breakdown at the end of the act. There was considerably more imagination shown in the second scene in the girl's bedroom, and it was curious to note how different parts of the scenario had impressed the minds of the different girls as the best material for drama. One seemed particularly impressed by the value of the making of the fire where the letters were to be burned, and another hurried through this and devoted most of the act to the scene of reading over the letters and burning them one by one. The finding of the poison impressed one student as the most effective situation, while another made the receiving and the opening of the message from home her great scene. The point of view of the students

## The QUICKEST shave

No Blade Trouble



Says Mr. Jones

Mr. J. W. Jones, inventor of the disc phonograph record, Jones Speedometer, etc., etc., and notable mechanical engineer, permits us to publish the following:

"Your AutoStrop Razor has given me the greatest pleasure that I ever experienced in shaving. By means of your very neat feature of quick stropping I have been shaving with the AutoStrop for four months without having occasion to change the original blade, and wish to congratulate you on this satisfactory and desirable device."

A no-stropping razor sounds handy, quick and easy because you don't have to stop and strop it, and the AutoStrop sounds awkward, slow, difficult, because it is a strop razor. But the fact is that the no-stropping razor is the awkward razor and the AutoStrop is the handy, quick and easy razor. While tearing, chopping and scraping with a no-stropping razor to get the beard off,—while awkwardly inserting a no-stropping blade,—while awkwardly taking apart and putting together again to clean a no-stropping razor, you can actually do three complete shaves with an AutoStrop—stropping, shaving, cleaning and all.

## NOT A STROPPING MACHINE

but a razor and stropping device all in one piece. You simply slip the strop through the AutoStrop itself, without detaching blade or taking apart, and move back and forth. Blade falls automatically on strop at exactly the right angle and right pressure, thus stropping itself auto-



matically and expertly.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor outfit consists of a heavily silver plated self-stropping razor, 12 fine blades and strop, in small handsome case. Price \$5.00, which is probably your total shaving expense for years, as one blade often lasts six months to a year.

### TRY IT FREE (DEALERS! READ THIS)

Any dealer can put out AutoStrop Safety Razors on 30 days' free trial. If any of them are returned, the dealer may return them to us, expressage collect, and we will send said dealer a new razor or credit his account with the returned razor. Thus the dealer takes no risk in selling AutoStrops on 30 days' free trial.

There is strong demand for AutoStrops on account of the great dissatisfaction with the no-stropping razors. Dealers can sell AutoStrops to nearly every no-stropping user. Thus we guarantee that the AutoStrop will shave you satisfactorily or you can get your money back. Get one on 30 days' free trial before it gets out of your mind.

### YOU WANT THIS BOOK

How much wrong information have you received during your lifetime on the subject of shaving and razors? If you want to know how much, send for "An Interview with the Greatest Razor Expert,"—a quick, speedy, witty conversation.

Explains why you are having shaving troubles and blade troubles, and will actually teach you how to shave yourself as well as the head barber can.

It's free, though it ought not to be. Send for it now or you'll forget. AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., 340 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK. 61 New Oxford St., London. 14 St. Helen St., Montreal



**STROPS! SHAVES! CLEANS!**  
WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE  
FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN  
A NO-STROPPING RAZOR

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



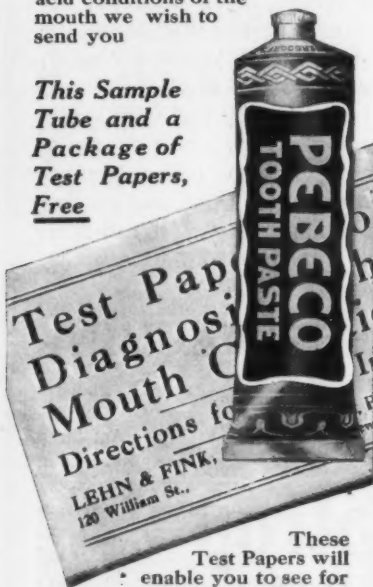
## Teeth Decay Because of Acid in the Mouth

# PEBECO TOOTH PASTE Is Anti-Acid

In addition to its perfect cleansing qualities Pebeco Tooth Paste counteracts the tooth-destroying effects of acid in the mouth. This is the most important and valuable service that a dentifrice can render, for "acid mouth" is the common cause of tooth decay; no amount of brushing will prevent decay where an acid condition exists.

That you may prove the efficiency of Pebeco in overcoming acid conditions of the mouth we wish to send you

This Sample Tube and a Package of Test Papers, Free



These Test Papers will enable you to see for yourself just how Pebeco works—how it counteracts acid in the mouth, restoring a natural condition for sound teeth and mouth health.

The test is simple and conclusive; full directions are sent with the Test Papers.

No other dentifrice, either powder, paste or liquid, has this anti-acid property as Pebeco has; therefore you may use ordinary dentifrices faithfully and still have decaying teeth. Ordinary commercial dentifrices are mere tooth polishes and are usually sold on their flavor. Pebeco is the professional dentifrice and is used and recommended by dentists not only for its cleansing and polishing qualities, but also for its positive value as a tooth preserver, mouth anti-acid and antiseptic.

Pebeco (originated in the Hygienic Laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany) is sold by all druggists in large 50c tubes. For Free Sample and Test Papers send postal or coupon to

LEHN & FINK, 104 William St., New York

LEHN & FINK, 104 William Street, New York  
Gentlemen: Please send me sample tube of Pebeco and package of Test Papers.

Name.....

Address.....

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

was indeed as varied as the amount of ability they displayed in their technique; but it was all interesting, and the charming frankness with which they criticized the work of their fellows after each scene was finished would have done credit to a New York first-night audience.

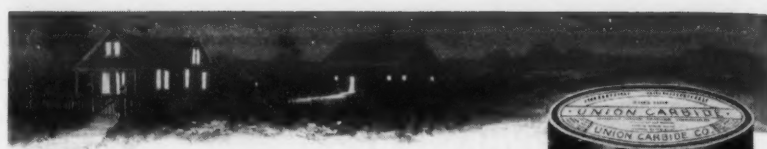
My next visit was to at least twenty young ladies engaged in the gentle art of making up, and I was assured by those who should know that this, so far as the girl students were concerned, was easily the most popular course in the curriculum. I do not mean to suggest that the pulchritude of the young women of this particular dramatic school does not average very high, but I must confess that the double row of young women before their mirrored dressing-tables, each made up as well as she knew how, was a most pleasing sight. It was a bright little place, and the general effect was much more of the theater than of any room I had yet visited. There were the familiar tin make-up boxes and the litter of grease paints and cans of cold cream and the worn hare's foot—the line of girls with their hair done high and their eyelashes painted back and the cheeks scarlet, all smiling into brilliantly lighted mirrors at their ever-increasing loveliness. Indeed, if there had been a few spangled dresses hung along the wall and a trunk in the corner and the ladies had shown a little less decorum in their dress and manner, it would have been very much like the "big room" of a Broadway theater where a musical comedy was being played.

### Studies of Life

AFTER this I saw several rehearsals on plays whose literary worth and dramatic value had been established for many years. Some of these rehearsals were held on bare stages, while others were carried out with all the scenery, properties, and accouterments of a regular performance. In many respects they were like the rehearsals of the professional stage, but the significant difference was that the stage director made the players think for themselves and give a sufficient reason for the manner in which they spoke and moved. There was another most interesting class in life study, where the students separately or more often in twos played scenes which they had witnessed in real life. In this exercise the youthful actors were generally at their best, for they naturally picked out the characters from real life which they could most easily portray. Two young men, for instance, who from a lack of physique had not appeared to the best possible advantage in the classes in which I had seen them before, developed suddenly into excellent character actors with a surprising spirit of comprehension and the portrayal of true modern comedy.

### An Actress

BUT the best, certainly the most interesting, hour of my first experience in a dramatic school came very late in the day at a class called Dramatic Analysis. On a bare stage the students were giving a performance of "A Doll's House," and I must confess that at first it was the occasional analysis of the lines by the young instructor that most interested me. The student who played Helmer was a good-looking youth, manly, broad-shouldered, who knew how to keep his feet on the ground and to take his time. His enunciation was clear and carried well beyond where the footlights should have been. Above all, he had repression, and read his lines with confidence and intelligence. He had learned his lesson well; he was a pride to the school of acting; his technique was worthy of a diploma. The girl who played Mrs. Linden was not so good as the man, but she was painstaking and wholly sincere—even adequate. The two played a scene together, stopping every few lines to discuss with the stage director the technical advantage of a new phrasing or the exact value of the "timing" of a slight movement of the hand, and then it came time for Nora's entrance. She was neither tall nor short, had reddish hair, slanting eyes, and strongly Semitic features. She wore a short black skirt and a simple white shirtwaist with very short sleeves, from which hung heavy red arms and big hands. For a moment she stood with unbalanced shoulders, her corsetless figure slouching, shapeless in the ill-fitting clothes, her feet far apart and ill at ease. And then, when she began to speak the lines of Nora, I knew that I was in the presence of an actress. The little stage was bare, the sunlight of early spring filtered through the tall windows and fell on groups of the girl and boy students who sat silently watching the newcomer whom the good fairy, called Genius, had gently touched with her wings. For a moment I must confess that my faith in the dramatic schools of acting was shaken and seemed to fairly crumble away before this red-haired, slant-eyed girl who was doing nothing as she had been taught to do



## Home-made Gas-Light From Crushed Stone

TWENTY years ago the oil lamp had already been driven out of the city into the country home where gas could not follow—so we thought.

In those days we would have laughed at the idea of a country home lighted with gaslight.

But like the telephone and free mail delivery gaslight has finally left the city to become a common rural convenience.

In the year 1909, the up-to-date villager or farmer not only lives in a gas lighted house, same as his city cousin, but when he drives home on a cold, wet night he actually lights up his barn, his barnyard or porches on his house with this gas-light by simply turning an "ignition" button on a post or wall.

\*\*\*

And this change seems quite like magic when you consider that this rural gaslight is home-made—made by the family itself right on the premises.

Take fifteen minutes once a month to make all that can be used in a large house.

The magic is all in the strangely, weird, manufactured stone known commercially as "Union Carbide."

This wonderful gas producing substance, "Union Carbide," looks and feels just like crushed granite. For country home use it is packed and shipped from warehouses located all over the United States in sheet steel cans containing 100 pounds.

Union Carbide won't burn, can't explode, and will keep in the original package for years in any climate. For this reason it is safer to handle and store about the premises than coal.

\*\*\*

All that is necessary to make "Union Carbide" give up its gas is to mix it with plain water—the gas, which is then instantly generated, is genuine Acetylene.

When piped to handsome brass chandeliers and fixtures Acetylene burns with an intensely brilliant, stiff flame, that the wind can't affect.

This flame makes light so white in color that it is commonly called "Artificial Sunlight."

Experiments conducted by Cornell University have proven that it will grow light itself.

Physicians recommend Acetylene as a germicide and a remedy for eyestrain, and it is used as an illuminant in fifty-four hospitals in New York City alone.

Then too, Acetylene is so pure that you might blow out the light and sleep all night in a room with the

burner open without any injurious effects whatever.

On a account of its being burned in permanent brass fixtures attached to walls and ceilings, Acetylene is much safer than smoky, smelly oil lamps which can easily be tipped over.

For this reason the Engineers of the National Board of Insurance Underwriters called Acetylene safer than any illuminant it commonly displaces.

In addition to all these advantages, Acetylene light is inexpensive.

An Acetylene light of 24-candle power costs only about 3½ cents for ten hours' lighting, while for the same number of hours regular oil lamps of equal volume cost about 6 cents in kerosene, chimneys and wicks on the average.

\*\*\*

Consider this carefully and you will hardly wonder at the fact that there are today no less than 176,000 town and country homes lighted with home-made Acetylene, made from "Union Carbide."

Once a month some member of the family must dump a few pounds of Union Carbide in a small tank-like machine which usually sets in one corner of the basement.

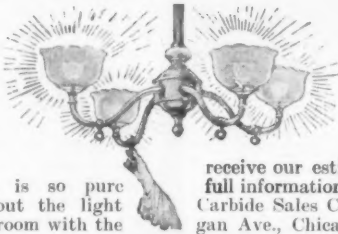
This little tank-like machine is automatic—it does all the work—it makes no gas until the burners are lighted and stops making gas when the burners are shut off.

The lights located in every room in your house, on your porches, in your horse and cow barns, or barnyards and chicken yards if you like, will all be ready to turn on with a twist of the wrist or a touch of the button at any time of the day or night.

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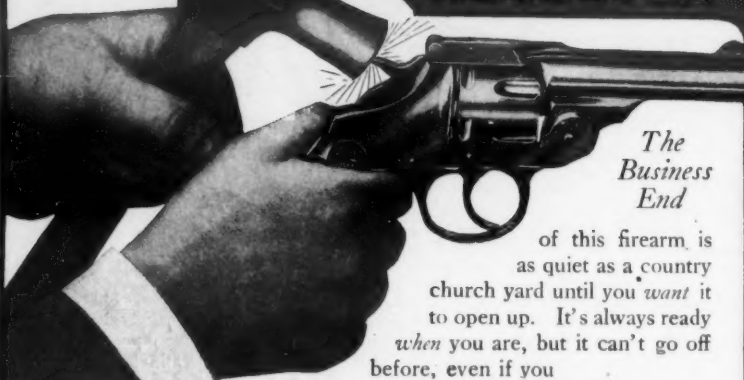


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it and yet playing Nora as I had very seldom seen it played before. Every properly constituted pack of cards has its joker, and here was the joker in the game of acting. And the unhappy part of it to me was not that she had made the road to success of her hard-working fellow students seem the more difficult, but that she had suddenly drifted in, an ominous cloud, and shut off the high places from their vision for all time. I afterward learned that she had had four months coaching in the school and a few weeks' experience in a stock company. But when I had left the little schoolroom and was well away from the spell of the young woman, I was consoled by the thought that every art has its Raphael or its Shakespeare or its Michelangelo or its Duse, and that these giants are only born between great spaces of time. There are always plenty of niches for the hard-working, conscientious artisans, and that, after all, it is they who form the fabric of our arts.

#### Afterwards

SO FAR as I could learn, the careers of these students, after they leave the school of acting, vary very greatly. Many of them, especially in the case of the girls, wholly ignorant of the amount of work required of them, give up and return to their homes; others regard it as a useful, broadening education and not essentially as part of a career; one young man I saw had already signed with a prominent manager to play leading parts as soon as he graduated; but for the most part the students look for small parts in road companies, where they hope to find the hard, practical experience that will fit them for the great opportunities later on. The graduates are, as a matter of fact, given every encouragement to find such employment, for it must be remembered that the schools of acting, as a rule, claim only to be schools of preparation, not to turn out the finished actor. Their idea is to broaden the students physically and intellectually, to give them an incentive for good work, to make them flexible, and train them in a way that will save them time and carry them over the hard places. To illustrate this, there was the case last season of a young woman who, through personal charm rather than sound teaching, has been a recognized star for some years. Recently she passed under the management of a man who is known as our best stage-manager. At her first entrance in the play provided for her, she had to cross the stage and sit down at a table. The rehearsal, which lasted the entire afternoon, was devoted to teaching the young lady how to sit down at the table.

#### A Merchant-Actor

MANY of the students, especially the women, after they graduate, never make an effort to go on the stage. The usual reason for this is that they did not know in the beginning that there is a great difference between the desire to act and the desire to go on the stage. If a boy wishes to ride horseback, his father is liable to encourage him, because it is a good exercise and often a useful, if not necessary, accomplishment, and it never occurs to the father that his son is going to end up as a professional jockey on the race-track or as a bespangled rider in a circus-ring. But if a boy wants to act he must of necessity act on the stage. I know of a case to-day that will illustrate this condition, although the fact that the young man's father was very rich makes it almost unique. Several years ago, when it came time for the son to take up the serious work of life, he was offered a lucrative position in his father's office, but the boy had a craving to act and was consequently sent to the school of dramatic arts. At the end of two years he was still anxious to act, but not finding any one who would let him, he returned to his father with a counter-proposition. It was to accept the lucrative position in the office if his father would agree to each year for one night pay for a theater and the production of any play in which the son chose to appear. The father agreed, and now for one mad night the young man, supported by his amateur actor friends and cheered on by his numerous acquaintances, enjoys his annual debauch of acting the longest and most difficult rôle he can find in the drama. For the remainder of the year he is a conscientious, hard-working, successful young business man.

#### The Long Wait

BUT where is the actress who has not a rich father going to satisfy her desire to act, if not on the stage? If she happens to be the leading woman of the amateur theatrical company in her own town, then she can perhaps play several good parts during the winter, but the professional stage is certainly a very poor place for her to act, unless she considers it acting to dust the furniture and speak a few meaningless lines to the butler in the first scene some time before the audience is

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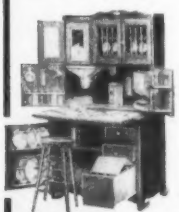
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well seated. And this is really about all the acting she knows she will be allowed to do, for several seasons at least. After all, it is very discouraging for a girl who has been coached for two years in "Magda," and who honestly believes that she can play the rôle quite as well as Mrs. Campbell, and nearly as well as Duse, and then be compelled to go on as Lucy, the Maid, with three lines, and be chucked under the chin by the handsome leading man. The innate desire to act is still there, but the outlet is not—it lies far away, after years of small parts, seasons of one-night stands, stuffy railroad cars, hurried meals at railroad restaurant counters, and a poor emolument. The desire to express her feelings through acting is still strong within her, cultivated and enriched by two years of hard work, but she finds herself in a profession that is obnoxious to her. Some of these girls who go on the stage sag and fade away into oblivion, others give "the profession" a fair chance and become discouraged with the outlook and quit, and quit gladly, and others succeed and become an honor and an ornament to an honorable and an ornamental profession. But I do not believe that any girl who has served her apprenticeship in a dramatic school is the worse for it. For two years she has worked, and she has worked very hard. She has learned how to enunciate, to move easily and gracefully, and to make the best use of the organs and the physique with which she was born, and which, through bad training or a lack of training, she has often done much to stultify. She has had the advantage of a carefully considered process to bring out the human being in her and to develop her character and her mind to a high degree of usefulness. For two years she has lived in the atmosphere of good literature—the literature of fine thoughts and noble deeds—and whether she carries her reconstructed body and her refreshed, active mind to the stage-door or to the door of her own home, she is probably very much the better for it.

## The Vaudevillians

(Continued from page 20)

importantly. Four men arose. They were the Kingsbridge Comedy Four, and hadn't been "in the business" long. Their anxious, conciliatory manner proved that when they met the Presence.

"What is it now?" asked the agent harshly.

Henry Matterhorn, first tenor of the quartet, was elected to talk for his partners.

"Now I won't waste your time," said Henry uncomfortably, "but here's the idea, see, pal? Our salary ain't—"

The agent coughed in a frightening fashion, whereat Henry hurriedly rearranged his thoughts and added: "If yer too busy, we kin come round some other mornin'."

The agent abruptly said that he wasn't so awfully busy, but as for more salary, the Kingsbridge Comedy Four were lucky to be alive, and when it came to kicking on pay—Why, Jones, Stinger, Wood, an' Burdette's only gittin' five hundred," said he. "They're the topline quartet, workin' all the time. Then where do you guys come in? That's all. Kinly g'wan. Others are comin'."

They filed out despondently, for one of the lords of vaudeville had spoken.

Hammerstein, Keith and Proctor, Percy Williams, the Orpheum, and Poli—over these circuits the United Booking Offices signed vaudeville people for engagements of one week to fifty. There were more circuits, but of lesser note.

"Wal, back to the family cirket, fellers," said Henry Matterhorn drearily. "Mis' Meyerhoff'll sign us fur the Hoboken cirket," suggested George Low, the basso, hopefully. "She's a good feller."

His partners sneered.

## "Hick Burgs"

AMONG performers, "playing the Hoboken circuit" is jestfully used in conversation. But there is a Hoboken circuit, comprising inconsequential New Jersey towns which must have their weekly change of ten acts and "the pictures" (moving) to a bill. Those who enter upon a life on the Hoboken circuit do not flit back to Broadway. They go on, into what vaudeville—the people who always make \$100 a week, and from that to \$2,000—refer to as the "hick burgs."

"Hick" is vaudeville slang for the provinces. Its synonym among circus folk is "rube." "Twelve weeks around New York"—that's what the "headliners" report to less fortunate associates when they've signed successfully.

Sometimes, when a foreign act is booked, such as Harry Lauder, Vesta Tilley, Vesta

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Our 45¢ price is the logical result of our selling from factory to smoker direct. The 55¢ our customers save is the Jobs, Drummers and Retailers' profit and expenses. We know the "Panola" will gain you as a permanent smoker.

Should they not prove satisfactory in every respect—return the remaining cigars to us expressing collection—there will be no charge for cigars used in testing.

Write us the request for a trial on your business letter-head. Mention if you prefer them mild, medium or strong.

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**La Reclama Cigar Factory**  
105 Lenox Ave., New York

**10¢ CIGAR  
4 1/2¢**



**Boom Your Trade With  
STATESMAN  
Weatherproof Signs**

Tack on trees, barns, anywhere. Our "wax process" makes them proof against weather exposure for 2 to 5 years. Cost 75¢ less than wood or metal. Printed on heavy board in any combination of fast colors, any size, and shipped freight prepaid.

Only signs possible to hang on wire fences be cause of our exclusive fence clasp.

**Pulling Advertisements** Statesman Sign talk and are the most economical and effective way to advertise. We furnish phrases if desired. Write on your letter head for samples, prices and full information. A trial 1,000 will help abolish dull trade. Ask for booklet, "Do you believe in signs?" **HIGH CLASS RAILROAD WANTED.**

**THE STATESMAN CO., 51 Jefferson Ave., Marshall, Mich.**

Victoria, the expensive European animal acts, Albert Chevalier, etc., the contract provides only for appearances in New York. Others have Chicago, Boston, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia—and the performers play a return engagement, of one or two weeks at a stretch, at each house.

Sometimes people of the prominence of Nance O'Neil, Zelle de Lussan, and Thomas Q. Seabrooke take a quick, money-making leap from tragedy, grand opera, and musical comedy for a "limited season" in the varieties. The regular vaudevillians don't like to play on bills with these representatives from "the legitimate," a sphere far off to them.

The occasional invaders want a lot usually. Star dressing-rooms, of course. They must have them. And why should they appear at ten o'clock rehearsal when they didn't do it "before I entered vaudeville"? Some stipulate for carpets to be laid from dressing-room to stage. Mrs. Langtry does. Therefore the stage hands feel for the Jersey Lilly a more fervent hatred than that which they lavish on the performer who has played three return dates and never yet tipped a man "in back."

The regulars have these same desires, but stage-managers are more accustomed to squelching them. When a "recruit" is billed, the house force looks for trouble. And always gets it.

"Back to Burlesque"

WHEN the Kingsbridge Comedy Four had elbowed through an increasing throng of comedy jugglers and juggleresses, acrobats, hoop-rollers, magicians, buck-dancers, dramatic and comic sketch artists, and representatives of a hundred other branches of the profession, they halted in the entrance on the street floor.

"Best we'd git on them rinky-dink cir-kits," said Matterhorn sadly, "is ninety a week fur four. That's a pipe. Nope, it's back to burlesque fur us guys, an' we better grab it while we kin. The Gay Four O'Clocks ain't closed fur a quartet who kin play parts yet, an' ef we're lucky, it's our meat."

Mr. Grabbum, manager of that celebrated troupe, the "Gay Four O'Clock Burlesquers," ran into them as they strolled up Broadway. Without a superfluous word the Kingsbridge Comedy Four signed with him, and none too soon, for three minutes after the contract had been filled out on the nearest bar, the Pacific Slope Quartet charged upon Grabbum, and its versatile members could play parts, double in brass, take tickets when the show's treasurer was incapacitated, and do a thirty-minute turn in the olio, introducing dancing and vocal numbers, acrobatic comedy, and a monologue by Perry J. Gordon, the second tenor.

Disappointed, the Pacific Slopers went to visit Levey. The engaged, and therefore happy Kingsbridge Four, watched their rivals crowd into the little elevator. The latter were naturally anxious, for it was October, a time indeed for signing, with a hard summer, after a rougher winter, looming ahead.

Some one, passing the massed performers in front of the building where Levey and several other agents transact their affairs, audibly wondered how many vaudeville people there were?

"Seems like a million," answered a well informed companion. "Probably there are twenty thousand individuals."

That was a fair estimate, for when you've left the cities behind and stopped off at Goingsnake, Indian Territory; Three Rivers, Quebec; Provo, Utah; the Big Casino Dance-hall in Tonopah, Nevada, and at each "jump" viewed a ten-act vaudeville bill, composed of men, women, and animals, to whom New York is many hundred miles travel, and San Francisco and Chicago equally remote, then you realize that vaudeville is everywhere.

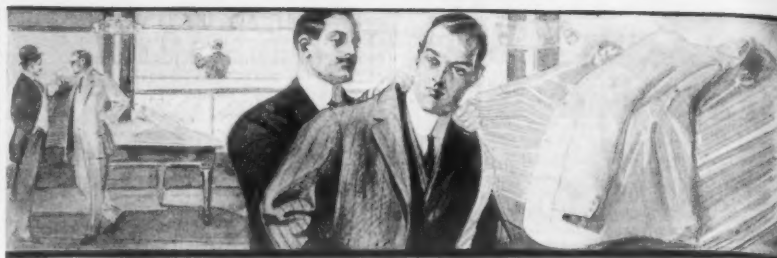
"The Howards Two"

"HE SAYS come in later," Levey's boy reported to a young man in a green felt hat and a suit of the same color. A black and white checked waistcoat added more life to his raiment. Beside him, on a very hard bench, sat a girl in a mushroom hat, upon which many birds and beasts, ribbons and flowering shrubs were strewn in careless profusion. They were the Howards Two.

"Ain't that the limit?" said Mr. Howard. "Can't see us, eh? An' we got notices in our book that'd oughter put us on Broadway six mont's ago! By George, them managers claim to be lookin' for novelties—well, I dunno. It's more'n I kin git through my knob why they don't nail us."

"Oh, we ain't got a press agent on our staff," said his wife bitterly; "that's the entire trouble. Did you notice that doll bein' ushered in, like she was a queen?"

Mr. Howard sighed gustily. He had



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What every aggressive, virile young man requires in his apparel above everything else is distinctiveness—something that sets him apart from the multitude and stamps his individuality upon his associates.

That is why Kaufman Campus Togs make so strong an appeal to young men.

They are stylish in cut, but the style is advanced—"extreme," if you will. The little touches of ultra-fashion that every well-dressed man will insist on next year are incorporated now in

## Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

The Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" process insures that every bit of the style, shape, fit and elegance which you observe when you first wear the garment are there to stay. The wrinkles, puckers and sagging which disfigure an ordinary suit after short wear, especially in damp weather, will be looked for in vain in Campus Togs.

Campus Togs in style and cut represent the best work of probably the best designer of young men's clothing in the country—a man who for years has helped to settle the decrees of fashion. There is a distinctive "Young-manliness" about them that would perhaps

not suit your conservative father or elders, but that just suits you.

Try on a suit of Kaufman Campus Togs at your dealer's. He has on exhibition now all the popular fabrics for Fall and Winter wear. You will observe in them a note of elegance and distinction that you have never seen in any other apparel.

Ask your dealer, also, about the Kaufman guarantee—a guarantee that is only possible with Kaufman Pre-Shrunk Garments.

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**Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago**

(2)



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For November



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**T**HE trouble started originally with the boy—just a grimy, unattractive little street urchin, such as you could pick up anywhere. But because he tried to rub that ugly look off the faces of the boy and his mates JUDGE LINDSEY became involved in a fight that has set all his state ringing.

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## We Will Give you a Full Sized Tube of Zodenta for 10 cents and a Family Tooth Brush Holder Free

We want you to know and appreciate the tooth saving value of Zodenta. We want to make it the best known and best liked dentifrice in America.

That's why we make this offer. Our profit will come on future sales.

Just cut out the coupon below, fill in the blanks and mail to us together with 10 cents (stamps will do) and we will have the druggist whose name you give us, deliver you a 25 cent tube of Zodenta and an aluminum tooth brush holder (for 4 brushes) without any further cost to you.

ZODENTA is a tooth preservative, entirely different from ordinary pastes because the ingredients are blended together by intense heat—cooked in fact—not just mixed together.

Zodenta prevents the formation of tartar, that substance which eats the enamel and destroys the teeth, because it dissolves all injurious deposits and hardens the delicate enamel so that foreign substances have no effect upon it. Zodenta keeps the teeth white, is strongly antiseptic, destroys all poisons and disease germs and leaves a clean, wholesome taste in the mouth and a fragrant odor on the breath.

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Here is the coupon. Cut it out now

F. F. INGRAM CO., Detroit, Mich.

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Please deliver through

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one tube of Zodenta (for the teeth) and one Family Tooth Brush Holder for which I enclose 10 cents.

Name

Address

(Give full address—street number, town and state)

seen another high-priced, female "act" go in.

So had all the discontented ones who waited the agent's tardy pleasure. Miss Virginia Vernon had "headed her own company," and now this successful star was coming into vaudeville. She was arguing with Levey over terms inside.

"Why'n't them legits satisfied to leave our game alone?" one of a team billed as "The Smokes—Frederick, Effie, and Leonore"—asked.

The Smokes offered a head-to-head balancing turn which was most exciting. They could depend on an all season job with a burlesque show, in which they could "top the olio" at a wage of \$250 weekly, but Art was humming within their souls, and the Smokes were set on building a finer structure upon their vulgar burlesque origin and making a substantial name in the varieties.

"The very idee of givin' us one stingy trial turn of a Sunday night at a benefit," said Effie Smoke indignantly, "an' bein' made to foller a tabloid dramer with an end where the burglar killed the woman, an' then found out it was his own wife. An' they ask a dumb act to git out an' make good on top of that, an' when the audience receives us cold the agents won't hand us a pleasant look afterward."

"Tain't as if we ain't reckernized performers in the West," said her husband, continuing the theme. "We wouldn't be hangin' round lookin' for a handout if this was Berry's South Texas Circuit."

"The Sheath Skirt Gells"

MANY a private grief was aired. Flossie Farrington and her Six Sheath Skirt Girls—Flossie brought the first split gown from Paris, and her salary immediately jumped \$150 a week because of her foresight—followed Miss Vernon. Once inside, Flossie declared that she had decided only to play the large towns.

"I kin give you the Orpheum time, an' Sullivan an' Considine after," said the agent thoughtfully.

"Yes, an' lose a week makin' that jump from Chicago, an' another from Oakland or Los Angeles to the Denver house," said she excitedly. "People must think that Flossie Farrington an' her Sheath Skirt Gells have went dippy! I won't play the coast this year. I got a London offer, fur that matter, anyway."

Finally, Flossie scrawled her signature to a \$700 contract, and then hurried away to tell her friends that she'd taken \$1,200, but merely as a favor.

The "personal representative" of a young woman referred to on the twelve sheets as the "cyclonic comedienne" dropped in to talk business with the agent.

"Turnin' 'em away still," he observed. "We're gittin' a signed statement from Mister Williams sayin' she's broke the record at his house again. I'm just takin' a new set of photos of her in the new sheath tights round to the newspaper offices."

Levey congratulated him, and they parted pleasantly. Lunch-time had passed, and still Levey filled in contracts, while more performers pushed into line outside. While they twisted uneasily in their seats, they talked of the merits of boarding-houses, and wondered if William Morris's circuit would pan out.

"He's buckin' the Syndicate, an' he ain't the real people," declared Charlie Harris, who made "sand pictures" in his offering. "I stick to the United. They pare a guy down, but you ain't liable to be trun out without a week ahead some cold winter day. I've saw them one-man bookin' agencies before, an' I don't want no more."

In a corner, Baby Jessamine, bright eyed and silent, sat alone; Mrs. Meyerwitz, disgusted, had gone.

"Hey," said the juvenile vocalist softly, as the office boy strode by her, "e'mere."

She whispered and handed him a one-dollar bill. The boy smiled. So did she.

"Ast him quick," she requested.

The boy hustled off and as swiftly returned. "This way," said he, with elaborate courtesy. "He says to come on in."

"Nothin' Like Vodeveel"

AT THREE o'clock, Mrs. Meyerwitz shouldered through the people. Some of them had been there since she with her child had walked in at 9 A. M.

Baby Jessamine was emerging from Levey's office. She proceeded toward her mother with the mien of one who had reached a desired goal.

"Well, mawr, I'm booked fur fourteen weeks—six in N'Yawk of I string the Gerry Society into believin' I'm over sixteen, rest on the road," said she.

"Gracious powers!" Mrs. Meyerwitz stared wildly. "How much?"

"Sixty-five a week," said Baby Jessamine triumphantly. "Now do I still not know nothin'?"

Mrs. Meyerwitz gathered her thrifty daughter to her panting bosom.

"Oh, there ain't nothin' like vodeveel, Jessy!" she cried; "an' that's the truth!"



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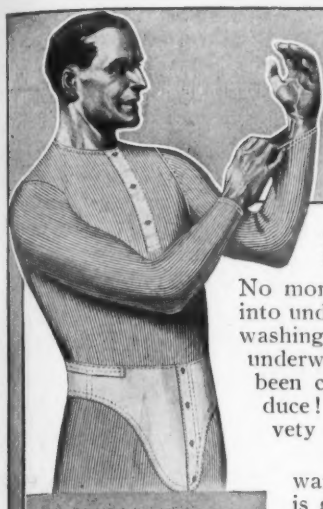
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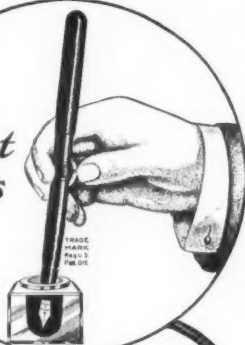
But Navy training alone would not produce this result. The young man must come into the Navy with good principles, industrious, of temperate habits, a common school education, and a serious intention to stick to his job, whether he likes it at first or not. This is the type of youth the Navy appeals to, and shiftless characters need not apply.

Look for the address of the Navy Recruiting Office in the want columns of your Sunday papers. If you don't find it, write for illustrated booklet describing duties, pay, privileges, etc., and for instructions how and where to apply. Address:

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However, the Conklin Pen is not an experiment, as are the imitations and substitutes, but a tried and true success that in the past ten years has won its way into the hearts and vest pockets of writers the world over by sheer force of its splendid writing qualities and correct self-filling and self-cleaning principle. There is only one pen with the correct self-filling and self-cleaning principle—only one pen with the famous Crescent-Filler. That pen is

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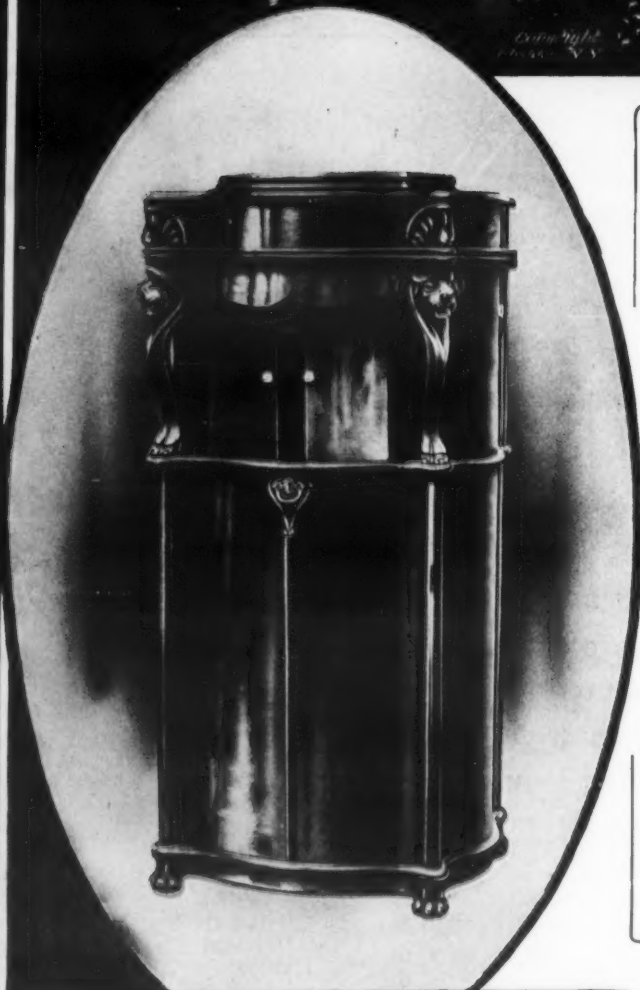
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The Great Spanish Tenor  
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